

*For Miss Anne Maria Ware  
from Miss Gundry*

THE

# LITTLE FAMILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF

YOUNG PERSONS.

---

BY CHARLOTTE SANDERS.

---

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe th'enlivening spirit; and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMSON.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

LONDON:

Printed by Luke Hansard, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields,

FOR J. MAWMAN, SUCCESSOR TO MR. DILLY,  
IN THE POULTRY.

1800.

---

5





THE  
**LITTLE FAMILY.**

\*\*\*\*\*  
**CHAP. I.**

“**W**HAT delightful weather!” said Emiline, a beautiful little girl of seven years old, to her mamma, one morning as they were at breakfast, “It is quite spring, so warm and pleasant; how charming it must be in the country; but here in the gloomy streets of Paris, one cannot see any thing but carriages and houses.” “And what should *we* do in the country?” replied her sister who had not yet attained her twelfth year, “I know I should soon be tired of walking about the fields, and looking at the green-trees; for I suppose, except now and then a plough-boy, we should see no one beside our own family.”

B

EMMI.

EMMI. Suppose we did not, Clara, I am sure I could amuse myself very well; and then to have a nice garden to skip in; oh! I wish we had a garden to this house; do you not, mamma?

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. Yes, my love, and principally for *your* sake.

EMMI. Then why do you not take a house out of the city? In our walks we often pass some very pretty looking ones, by the side of the road. If I were you, I would live where I liked best.

MAD. It is not always in our power to follow our own inclinations; my circumstances are not sufficiently affluent to admit of a town and country residence; with our small establishment, we should find many inconveniences in living even at a few miles distance from Paris; prudential motives have therefore reconciled me to a dwelling in the metropolis.—At this moment a servant entered with a letter, directed to Madame de St. Claire, whose countenance, during the perusal of it, displayed a variety of emotions; whilst Clara was busied in dividing a small roll  
\*  
with

with her sister, Henry had watched every expression of it; and as she folded up the interesting paper, he exclaimed, "Give me that letter, mamma, it contains some bad news, I am certain; you shall not see it again to vex you."

MAD. You are mistaken, my dear boy, this letter is from your uncle, and the contents of it ought to give us all pleasure.

HEN. Oh! what is it? what does he say?

MAD. You shall hear.

[*Madame de Saint Claire reads.*]

Appenzel, Feb. 30th.

"My dear Niece!

You will be surprized when I inform you I am on my road to Paris, and that I have left the favourite estate of my father for ever! it was once the most desirable spot on earth to me; it is so no longer. You are not unacquainted with my early attachment; when, for several years, I encouraged the delusive hope, that



4 THE LITTLE FAMILY.

the object of it would, at length, be prevailed on to share the mansion and its owner's fortune. My letters have been to you a repetition of Sabina's falsehood, my dejection, and the disgust this hereditary dwelling has inspired me with since her marriage; yet I respect the antique structure, its extensive park, its gloomy forests, and cultivated gardens: I have fallen out with the world, and every thing it contains except *yourself*; your conduct has been an exception to that of women in general, and it is for that I reverence you. Four years have elapsed since you became a widow, sufficiently young and handsome to attract universal admiration; yet you have neither become fashionable or dissipated, notwithstanding a residence in the metropolis; your mornings have been devoted to the nursery and domestic concerns, your evenings to the improvement of your children. These traits, which have reached me by the hand of private friends, have secured you my esteem. I am now going to give you the sincerest proof that I think you, the *most* (I had almost said the

the

the *only*) deserving woman in the universe, by offering you my villa in Switzerland. Your love of retirement will obviate every objection to the conditions on which it claims your acceptance, that of residing solely there until the education of your children is completed: they will be removed in that retreat, from every object that might corrupt their minds; they will not hear of the pleasures of cities, nor will they sigh for the luxuries of the great; you will be their only instructor, and from you they will receive a superior education, free from the follies of pedantry and pride. When I last saw your Henry, my godson, he struck me as the miniature of his worthy father; let but his future actions resemble his, and I will be a parent to him. I have already destined him my heir; teach him prudence; and while you do this, entertain no concern for his future welfare; I shall henceforth speak and think of him as my adopted son. Your daughters brought up in solitude with minds and hearts unprejudiced and uncorrupted by the pernicious fashions of the world, will be amiable and deserving. Had Sabina

6 THE LITTLE FAMILY.

received a similar education, I had perhaps been happy; from *her* conduct I have conceived an unfavourable idea of the whole sex, and to every female character, except your own, it has taught me to attach vanity, caprice, and infidelity. Let me hear from you as soon as you have deliberately considered the contents of this letter. Should my proposals meet your approbation, you reconcile me again to myself and the world. I know your pecuniary situation, and that with the strictest economy, in a few years your little income will be found insufficient to live even in the style that I should ever wish to see the widow of Monsieur de St. Claire: I speak of an abode in the metropolis, where some regard must be paid to appearances. On the contrary, while I take up my habitation in some remote corner of Europe, I should think my antique villa honoured by your residence, where you might live free of almost all expence. Every thing shall be conveyed to you by my order, that is necessary for the children's instruction, or your own amusement;

you



you may rest assured I shall not continue long in Paris, but fix my little establishment in some part of France or Germany, whither your letters may speedily be dispatched. Having now laid before you every wish of my heart, permit me, my dear niece, to subscribe myself ever

your affectionate uncle,

FERDINAND DE COURCI."

"WILL you leave this house then, mamma, and take us all into Switzerland?" demanded Henry, when she had finished reading.

MAD. You would have no objection, I should think, my son, to live in the most delightful country in the world, in a large mansion, surrounded by extensive gardens, where you might run about, and find fresh amusement for every hour.

HEN. No; I should like it very much; but my uncle wishes you to stay till our education is finished; he is very ill-natured, I think, to confine you there so long. Shall you not be very tired of it?

MAD. By no means; I am fond of being

B 4 alone.



alone, you know, and when you are all good, I desire no other company but yours.

You must not say, Henry, that your uncle is ill-natured, believe me he is one of your best friends. He may be singular in his opinions, his ideas are extraordinary, but he has the best of hearts. When you are older, you shall know the cause of all his excentricities ; at present endeavour to reverence and esteem him as a father.

After having maturely considered every proposal, Madame de St. Claire returned the following answer to the letter of monsieur de Courci.

“ YOUR generous offers are gratefully accepted, my dear uncle. I have already given orders for the necessary preparations for so long a journey, and shall re-visit with delight the ancient villa where in the first year of my marriage I spent so many agreeable days and months; nothing could be more adapted to my taste, and the ideas of education I have formed, than the charming solitude you have chosen for me. Believe me, my dear sir, had my circumstances allowed me to decide, a residence in Paris would

would never have been the object of my choice. What shall I say to you for your intentions to my son? My eyes overflow with gratitude. May his future conduct justify every parental hope, and reward your affectionate cares! You must not resign the villa for ever; no, time will enable you to overcome your present feelings; reconciled again to the world, you will re-visit us, and be witness of his improvements. Your letter, your kindness, has given rise to such a variety of sensations, that I feel unable to express myself as I ought. You will make allowance for a mother's emotion, and the gratitude that fills the heart of

Your ever affectionate Niece,

ANNA DE ST. CLAIRE."

"I AM sorry we are going to leave Paris," said Clara, as she followed her mother to the carriage, on the morning of their departure: "It is so cheerful here; and in the country, where one sees no one, it will be very dull." "It depends much upon ourselves, whether we shall find it so," replied madame de St. Claire. We are

going to a situation beautiful by nature, and I have not an idea but its delightful scenes will furnish us with a species of amusement, though very different, yet far more pleasing and instructive than any which the pleasures of this gay city could afford." "I love the country," exclaimed Henry, "and have not the least doubt of our being very comfortable." "And I am sure," cried Emmiline, "I shall be happy wherever mamma is."

For three days they proceeded on their journey, without any interruption. After having travelled a few hours, before sunrise, on the morning of the fourth, as they were passing some rugged ground, the wheel of the carriage suddenly gave way. Fortunately no injury was received by the travellers from the accident, which had happened in a place where no assistance could be procured. They were some miles distant from any house, and at a loss what course to pursue; when Henry, pointing with his finger, exclaimed, "Look, mamma, I think there must be some inn, or house, very near; is not that smoke which I see between those trees?" He was not mistaken.



mistaken. It proceeded from the chimney of a cottage not far distant, whither they dispatched a servant, to know if it could afford them accommodation, while the carriage was repaired. During his absence, they seated themselves on a little hillock, at the side of the road. The children amused themselves with observations on every object that became visible in the yet imperfect distance; 'till the rising sun, bursting with new splendor on the distant mountains, and leaving the vallies beneath still almost concealed in ærial shade, attracted all their attentions: "Look, look, sister, at the sun!" cried Henry, "we should not have seen such a glorious sight at Paris. Is it not charming, mamma? for these three mornings we have seen the sun rise." "It is indeed," reply'd Madame, "a scene worthy all our admiration, nor ought we ever to contemplate it, but with hearts replete with gratitude to the Almighty for the blessings we daily receive. Let us never behold it, without thinking on Him, who is the fountain of light, and source of every good?"

Emmiline, who for some time had silently ad-



mired the glorious object, exclaimed, "But for what use did God make the sun?"

MADAME. Your brother is able, I believe, to answer this question.

HENRY. You have told me, mamma, that from the sun we derive light and heat; that without its influence we could neither have bread or fruits, for it is the sun that ripens all the productions of the earth.

EMMILINE. Thank you, Henry, I shall never look at it again without returning thanks to the Almighty for all the blessings it procures us."

The servant was by this time returned. "A poor place, my lady!" said the faithful Peter, half out of breath, "it is scarcely secure from wind and weather; I really almost fear it will fall about your ears; and if a poor servant's advice be worth taking, I think we had better seek a few hours' hospitality elsewhere." "well, Peter!" interrupted his worthy mistress, "but what sort of inhabitants did you meet with? did they say we could remain there while the carriage is repaired?" "Alack, madam, they have but sorry accommodations for themselves.

themselves. I saw something like a sofa in one corner, which I suppose serves occasionally for the poor old man to lie on when he is weary; but it is not fit for you, my good lady: be this as it may, he said, you should be welcome to pass the night as well as the day there, if you would put up with what his hut afforded; that a few years back, he could have given you a better reception. While he said this, I observed him brush off a tear that had fallen on his aged cheek. He has a good heart, I warrant him, and once knew better days."

"Poor man!" replied Madame de St. Claire, "let us accept his humble shelter."

"Oh, dear mamma!" interrupted Clara, "do not go to that nasty hovel! From what Peter says, there is not a bed fit for us to lie on, should we be obliged to pass the night there; the roof may fall in upon us; and I dare to say, it is as dirty as a pigstye; I would not go near it for the world; I should dye with fright, I am sure. We had better remain here, indeed we had."

MAD. Have you no thought but for  
your

your own safety and convenience, Clara ?” (and for a moment the serenity of her countenance was changed to displeasure) “forry am I to find you have derived so little advantage from my former advice. You seem at this instant to forget you have a mother, a brother, or a sister, and are only apprehensive of the danger which threatens yourself. Indeed, this is no proof of the tenderness of your affection for us. That hovel, as you term it, may be the residence of some worthy, though unfortunate fellow-creature, whose hoary head perhaps has braved life’s wintry storm, through many anxious days of sickness or of sorrow ! It is too probable, he is in need of the support it may be in our power to bestow ; humanity, at least, should induce us to make the enquiry ; and surely there is some satisfaction in dispensing comfort to the miserable. Could I any way relieve this aged sufferer, (for such we are led to think him from Peter’s account) I should feel more pleasure, my child, as a guest beneath his humble roof, than making one in the most sumptuous palace. If his little man-  
sion



sion be not so clean as we could wish it, our cloaths can be washed; and if they could not, you, who are so distressed on the subject, have another frock to put on. For shame, Clara, I thought you had possessed less selfishness and pride." The unfeeling girl looked confused, muttered something to herself, and reluctantly followed the other children, who held each of them a hand of their dear mother.

"But if it should really be falling?" exclaimed Henry, trembling with apprehension, "if it should fall on us!" "I think I may venture to assert," replied Madame de St. Claire, "things are not quite so bad as Peter has represented them. Its present inhabitant has probably resided many years there; and were the cottage in so shattered a state as we have been informed, he would not have failed to mention his danger to the servant. Those, whose fears will not permit them to accept the asylum he offers us, may stay here with Agnes, if she also is afraid of approaching the desolate dwelling, or remain alone." Agnes was a faithful attendant, who had lived



lived from her infancy in this worthy family, and whose mind was superior to those emotions which now agitated those of the young people. Henry's apprehensions were soon overcome; *fear* was to him a sensation bordering on cowardice; and he considered it as a weakness by which a well-informed mind would feel itself degraded.

Agnes, taking Emmiline's hand as she was capering from side to side, exclaimed, "This, my dear little girl, feels no terror I am sure, at the thought of accompanying us!" "No, that I *do not*," replied the charming prattler. "I long to see the old man: Peter, whom I have heard you say is a very good carpenter, can perhaps repair the house, and I will help you and mamma to do any thing for him the mean while. Agnes! have you not one or two of these little rolls you bought for us at the village, where we slept last night? Give them to me, that I may sop them in some milk for him, when we get there. He would relish them, I dare to say, if, like the old woman, whom we have sometimes seen on the *Pont neuf* at Paris, he should have lost his teeth."

Fortunately

Fortunately Agnes had remembered to remove from the carriage all the provisions which had been purchased for the children; and Emmiline begged to have the pleasure of carrying the rolls herself to the cottage. Amiable child!" exclaimed her delighted mother, "would that my Clara's heart resembled thine!"

Peter uttered a thousand blessings on his dear young lady, whom he had so often carried, when an infant, in his arms. "This is so like Miss Emmiline," he cried, "she is for doing good to every one. Do you remember, Agnes, the present she made me last winter, in the severe frost we had? I was just recovering of a fit of the rheumatism, and was going out with the carriage for the first time; when she called me into the hall, and gave me a pair of the nicest worsted gloves, to prevent, as she kindly said, my having a return of the complaint in my hands. Bless her generous heart! how proud I was of them!"

In this manner the whole party proceeded to the cottage; Clara lingered still behind; and presently, as she was looking  
another

another way, her foot slipped, and she fell into a narrow ditch, into which ran a small rivulet; in endeavouring to extricate herself, her hands and face were torn in a terrible manner by the brambles, before any assistance could be given.

Madame de St. Claire, as she helped the servant to wash off the dirt which her person and cloaths had received, said to her, "You are now, my daughter, to all appearance in a worse situation than the poor cottager whose solitary home we are preparing to visit; and would you like, because your frock is dirty, and you are this disagreeable figure, that we should leave you on the road? How would you submit to be treated with indifference? And yet I fear you are but too much inclined to despise those whom the iron hand of misfortune has rendered objects of contempt to the thoughtless and unfeeling." "Oh! pardon me, my dear mamma, do not think so, do not suppose me proud, or insensible. I am indeed very sorry to have given you cause to imagine I could."—Here her voice faltered, the tear of contrition glistened



tened in her eye; she attempted to take her mother's hand. Madame de St. Claire made no effort to withdraw it. "I hope," said this affectionate mother, "you will no more give me cause for reproof on this subject. May time, and a few years experience, convince you, my dear girl, that an amiable disposition is the basis of all domestic felicity!"

---

## CHAP. II.

THEY soon after arrived at the cottage, of which they found Peter had given no very exaggerated description. It was almost surrounded by trees, which spread a nocturnal gloom over the lonely habitation; one end of which had already fallen into decay, and indeed, there was but one part which appeared any way habitable. The moss which grew upon the thatch, and the vine that encircled the lowly roof, almost concealed the shattered lattices. Amidst this ruinous scene, they were surprised to observe,



observe, a little way off to the left, a small garden, which appeared to be cultivated with the greatest care and order. Here they saw a little boy about nine years old, very busy in clearing away the cuttings of some trees, that had been newly lopped, who on perceiving them, left his occupation ; and, after respectfully bowing to the strangers, passed on to open the little wicket, which led to the shadowed entrance. Madame de St. Claire, and her family, followed their young conductor, and were presently welcomed by its aged master, who thus accosted them, "Thanks, kind lady, for having deigned to accept the shelter this poor hovel affords. It is a pitiful place, and unworthy so noble a guest ; yet believe me, you are sincerely welcome to all it contains. Fear not to enter ; these old walls have stood many a stormy night : though so ruinous, the part which I now inhabit, I have reason to think is perfectly safe. Come, my little friends," added he, taking the children by the hand, "I have some new milk ; a stray cow which seemed the only living  
animal

animal in this solitude, when I first came to it, furnishes us with that; and I believe the garden will produce a few radishes."

"Oh! father," exclaimed the little boy, "I will go and see what fruits are ripe in mine, and gather them for the company!"

"Do so, my love," he replied. Then conducting them into a small, but neat room; he led Madame de St. Claire to the only chair it presented; beside which, two stools, a table, and a narrow wooden bench, were all the furniture it could boast of. If Madame was pleased with the apparent simplicity of every thing around her, she was not less so with her venerable host, whose countenance bespoke a generous and feeling heart, though the traces of affliction were still visible on his manly cheek. The little boy soon returned with the fruit, and the rural stores were produced on a table, the whiteness of which was scarcely surpassed by the snow upon the summit of the mountains. Peter, Agnes, and the postilion remained at the door, and shared their peaceful meal under the shade of an aged oak, round the rugged

rugged trunk of which a seat had formerly been erected; the remains of it now afforded comfortable rest to these weary travellers; for, not all the eloquence of Madame, or the cottager, could persuade the honest people to eat a morsel in the same room with their mistress; and except one destined for repose by its owner, there was no other habitable.

“I am rejoiced we came here,” said Henry, “What nice fruit! and then the old man is so civil!” He had great reason for this remark, as the cottager was particularly attentive to the young folk. Clara was the only one to whom his politeness gave any confusion. It brought to her mind all she had said respecting the cottage and the owner of it. The recollection was painful, and it prevented her feeling that pleasure which the others enjoyed.

The evening passed away in the most cheerful manner; and it was concluded that Peter should set off early in the morning, for further assistance, to repair the carriage.

In

In the inner room, the good old Albert (for that was the name of their host) had contrived to make up two beds for Madame, Agnes, and the children; whilst the postilion remained in an outhouse with his horses, himself, Peter, and the little boy, slept soundly 'till day-break, upon some clean straw and dried rushes; perhaps they had never enjoyed more comfortable repose; for when the mind accommodates itself to circumstances, it is not the little inconveniences of life that can affect us.

---

### CHAP. III.

SOON as the cheerful dawn disclosed an imperfect view of the adjacent mountains, Albert, Peter, and the boy, arose. After putting every thing in order in the apartment, the former, and his youthful companion, went to their daily labours in the garden, and Peter set off for the village. Madame de St. Claire, and the little



little family, enjoyed a comfortable repose, until the bright beams of the rising sun shone through the lattice, and the little birds began their usual harmony. Henry was dressed in ten minutes, and after having joined his sisters in their devotions he went out to get a nosegay to present to his mamma.

As soon as the little girls were ready, a walk was proposed, while Agnes should put every thing in order, and prepare for breakfast. "What a delightful morning!" exclaimed Henry, as they were going a long; "had you rather be at Paris than here now, Clara?"

CLARA. It is certainly very pleasant, and if I had not any lessons to learn I should delight in playing about these hills and woods; but you know, although we are travelling, mamma obliges us to repeat something to her every day.

HENRY. Fie, Clara! how can you be so idle? If mamma requires us to learn, it is for *our* advantage; and indeed I am never so happy as when thus employed.

CLARA. Yes, and you take care that every

every body should know you are so; because you wish to be thought a learned young gentleman, and would have it said "what a clever boy is master de St. Claire!" Indeed I am quite ashamed of your affectation; you have sometimes a book in your hand for three hours together, and one may speak six or seven times to you before one can obtain an answer. Mamma thinks wonders of you, but you are not all this time occupied with what is in the book; I have seen you often look off and scribble on a bit of paper, though you seemed, to those who were not so near you, to be still reading.

HENRY. Perhaps you *have*, Miss, but this has been when I have met with any passage particularly striking, and of which, fearful my memory might not be able to retain it, I have taken a copy. You are always saying something ill-natured of me. You had better now be thinking of your lessons, or, if you want amusement, divert yourself with admiring the beautiful scenes around us.

C

The

The landscape at this spot was extremely picturesque ; it was not a public road ; they were passing a precipice, above this were others extending to an amazing height ; the scattered hamlets on whose summit, appeared but as a few almost imperceptible specks ; nearer were seen cottages above the clouds ; pastures which seemed suspended in the air, exhibiting the most delightful scenery that can be conceived : below on the left, were cattle grazing, some of which appeared no larger than the smallest birds ; to the right, a forest, whose thick interwoven trees seemed to form an artificial night ; beyond this, the prospect opened, and the distant village became visible by degrees, as its lowly spire caught the sun's uninterrupted ray.

Here it was, that feeling themselves fatigued they sat down to rest, under the shade of the nearest trees, and the children repeated their lessons. Henry and Emiline said theirs perfectly, but Clara was very obstinate, and owned she thought it hard they were compelled to learn any  
4 thing

thing when on a journey, and that she would not take any pains to get hers: "You prefer ignorance, then, to a few hours application?" said their affectionate mother; "believe me, Clara, before the lapse of many years, you will severely repent this negligence, and wish you could recall even the *moments* you have spent in idleness and folly. The injury is not to me; it is *you* who will feel the consequences of this perverse behaviour. You will be ignorant, you will be despised."

"Oh! no mamma! that I shall not, I know enough already;" and the thoughtless girl skipped away as cheerfully as the others, with whom their indulgent mother had so much reason to be satisfied.

Madame de St. Claire soon after arose to return, surprised, on looking at her watch, to find it was so late. They made all possible haste, fearing the good Albert might be uneasy at their stay. He was so; had set out in search of them, and met the little party almost within sight of the cottage.

"You are willing, I see, good Madam,"



said he, "to enjoy all the delight of the country; is there any pleasure that can exceed that of a morning walk at this charming season? my little friends, I see are also charmed with the beauties nature here presents to us." "Yes, Sir," replied Henry, "all but my sister Clara; I am sorry to say she has no taste for what is sublime and beautiful. To me no sight so glorious as the rising or setting sun, I could gaze on it for ever; I would not be such an insensible mortal as she is for the world." "You would wish us then to understand," resumed Albert, "that you are a young man of infinite sense and taste, perhaps of abilities; I own I am always inclined to suspect those who think *so highly* of their *own*: but, to try the extent of yours, let me hear if you can answer the question I am going to propose. "Why do we receive more heat from the sun in summer than in winter, when in fact it is nearer to us in the latter season?"

The children were confounded; no one so much as Henry. They were unable to reply. "I see," said he, "my question

is

is a little too difficult for my young philosophic friend, who another time will not be so ready to call his sister an insensible mortal, since his youthful capacity is found to be not yet equal to every subject. But, that the same question may not occasion you any further embarrassment, I will tell you why we receive greater heat from the sun, in summer than in winter. Though in winter *nearer* to us, his rays fall more *obliquely*; in summer more *direct*: consequently we then receive the greater heat. Have you never put your hand sideways to a candle? and, have you not remarked that you could, in that position, almost touch the flame without being burnt? but when you have held your hand directly over it, have you not, at six times the distance, found it insupportable?"

The children acknowledged the truth of what he had said, and thanked him for having so well explained the subject to them; and all except Emmiline seemed willing to change the conversation, who thus continued: "You said, Sir, we were

nearer the sun in winter than in summer ; *how can* this be ? I am sure our house at Paris always seemed to stand in the same place ; if it had moved nearer the sun at any time, we must have felt it."

" And yet, my little darling, it is certain that the earth moves sixty-eight-thousand two hundred and forty-three miles every hour, and that we are carried along with it in open space. The sun, the moon, the stars, seem to make a revolution in the heavens ; but it is in reality the earth that moves. Lend me, young lady, the cup and ball you were playing with just now."—When, taking it by the string, he whirled it round his head, saying " We will suppose this little ball the earth, and my head the sun ; do you observe, that as it goes round, it describes also a small circle round the string ? This may be compared to the diurnal motion of the earth, which turns, as you see this ball does, upon an imaginary line within, called its *axis*. It is this motion which produces day and night"—" But how," interrupted the children " can we move so fast, and not

not be sensible of any motion?" "Have you not been in a ship?" said Madame de St. Claire, "and did not the trees, the land, and every object on the side of you, appear to move?"

"Oh! yes mamma," replied Emmiline, "and I recollect it was with difficulty you made me comprehend that it was not the trees, but the vessel, which moved."

"Well then, cannot you imagine that the motion of the earth a contrary way, produces the apparent motion of the heavens from east to west? We are not sensible of the motion of the earth, being no more on this globe, in comparison, than a fly would be on a ball of wax as large as our chariot. You will understand these things better when we enter on a regular course of astronomy and geography, which I mean to begin as soon as we are settled at the villa."

The children were delighted with the knowledge they had acquired, and begged their mother would continue to talk to them on similar subjects, to which their capacities might be equal, whenever she had leisure or opportunity.



## CHAP. IV.

THEY were within half a mile of the cottage, when, in passing a narrow sandy path, Emmiline suddenly stopped—"Why do you not go on, sister?" said Henry. Oh! brother, here is a nest of ants; they are busily employed from one side of the road to the other; do let us stop and look at them."

"Well, Emmiline!" said Albert, (after she had observed them some time,) "and what instruction can you derive from the contemplation of these little creatures?"

EMMILINE. I think, Sir, they set us an example of industry.

ALBERT. They certainly present an important lesson to the idle: observe, they appear continually in motion, and as if they had some occupation always in hand. The sight of them is very instructive.  
\* They are a little people, united like

\* Nature displayed, Vol. i.

the bees in a republic, governed by its own laws and politics; observe how busy they are in running from street to street.

CLARA. What, have they streets? pray shew them to us.

ALBERT. Do you see these little cavities in the sand? These are the entrances to them; they have a kind of oblong city divided into various streets, that terminate at different magazines.

HENRY. Can you inform us, Sir, what is their daily employment in this city?

ALBERT. Some of them consolidate the earth and prevent its falling in, by a surface of glue with which they incrust it. Those whom we commonly see, amass several splinters of wood, which they draw over the tops of their streets, and use them as rafters to sustain the roof; across these they lay another rank of splinters, and cover them with a heap of dry rushes, grass, and straw, which they raise with a double slope to turn the current of the water from their magazines, some of which are appropriated to receive their provisions, and in others they deposit their

C 5

eggs,

eggs, and the worms which proceed from them.

EMMILINE. Ah ! I think I see some which are carrying home their supplies ; there is one that seems to be bringing to his store-house the kernel of some fruit. But what means this group ? how busy they are !

ALBERT. Let us view them nearer. Oh ! they are feasting on the carcase of a dead fly. You smile at their taste, master Henry ; observe, all the parts of it that are portable, they employ others in taking to the store-house, while what cannot be removed, they eat on the spot. Do you not see others, who are at some distance from the nest ? These are dispatched as scouts to get intelligence, and, according to the tidings they bring, all the community are upon the march, to attack perhaps a ripe pear, a jar of sweetmeats, or a lump of sugar.

EMMILINE. How curious ! how entertaining are all their motions ! But, is it not true that they lay up a store for winter ?

ALBERT. The ants, after they have passed

ed

ed the summer in constant employment and fatigue, shut themselves up in winter, and enjoy the fruits of their labours in peace, although it is probable they eat little in that season, being either benumbed, or buried in sleep, like other insects. Therefore, their industry in storing up provisions is, in all probability, not so much intended to guard against the winter, as to provide, during the harvest, a necessary subsistence for their young, to the nourishment of which they are particularly attentive.

The attention of the young people was attracted from this scene of industry, by a noise which seemed to be the exclamations of some person in distress, a few paces from them; when, turning out of the direct path to see what was the matter, they beheld a spaniel extended on the ground, apparently dead, and on one side a goatherd lamenting over it, in all the agony of severest grief. "What thus distresses you, my lad?" exclaimed Albert. The boy did not even turn his head to



see from whence the voice proceeded; his eyes were fixed on the lifeless animal before him. They observed him take up its paw, bathe it with his tears, press it to his lips, and then put it down again. "Poor Carlo!" said he, "thou hast followed me many a dreary mile, but the flinty roads shall no more cut thy tender feet—Carlo!—"—and again convulsive sobs for a few minutes interrupted his speech; at length he resumed: "Thou art cold—dead! I must pursue alone each day's hard journey: thou wilt no more clime the craggy mountain, or gambol through the valley. But at noon, when I sit me down beneath the sheltering willow, by the clear brook, and take from my scrip the scanty morsel, it is then, Carlo! I shall miss thee; for thou wast accustomed to partake its store. At *night* too,—for these fifteen years hast thou slept beside me; dear companion of my labours! friend of my saddest hours!—yes, thou wast faithful; thou wast a friend, when others only assumed the name and in poverty forsook me. And, must I bid thee

thee farewell for ever? yes, Carlo, Carlo, thou hast paid the debt of nature!—”

The voice of Albert, who by this time had come up to the lad, interrupted his soliloquy.

“You lament the loss of this poor animal?” said he. “Ah! sir,” replied the boy, advancing a few steps, then retreating, as if unwilling to leave the remains of what had been so dear to him; “you know not how much he deserves to be lamented. Yet if he had died a natural death, I think I could have borne it better, but to be deprived of him by a malicious hand!—he is *killed*—the blood is now running from the wound where the ball entered his head; my Carlo!” and he threw himself on the ground beside him.

“But tell us,” said Albert, “by what means you lost your favourite?”

The goatherd, raising himself upon his elbow, thus continued: “Returning from the mountains this morning, I was startled with the report of a gun a few yards from me, but could perceive no person near; the thickness of these trees perhaps concealed

cealed him. Carlo was at a little distance; I called him, he staggered towards me; the gunner had taken too sure an aim, for in a few minutes he expired at my feet. Had you beheld his looks, and heard his last moan, you never would have forgotten poor Carlo! he would have been as familiar to your memory, as he will ever be to mine?"

"But have you no idea who could be guilty of this cruel action?" asked Madame de St. Claire.

"My suspicions, I fear, are but too well founded," replied the peasant; "there is a gentleman in this neighbourhood, who has long wished me to part with my dog, and even offered me money for him; but the largest sums he could have given, would not have purchased my Carlo. Poor as I was, I would not sell him. He was my *father's* dog, had followed me from my infancy, and when oppressed by misfortune, his fidelity afforded me some comfort; when I have fancied that I read in his looks, that pity which the unfeeling world denied me; twice when I was  
a child

a child he was the preserver of my life, by dragging me out of a river, into which, playing on its bank, I had heedlessly fallen: judge if I have not reason to lament him !”

“But why,” interrupted Albert, “should you accuse the gentleman of his death ? I should rather have supposed he would have been sorry that any accident had happened to destroy the hopes he might still entertain of the animal’s being one day his own.”

GOATHERD. Alas ! sir, his steward informed me, a few days since, that if I would not let his master have the dog, he threatened to have it destroyed, by some means or other, as a punishment for my daring to refuse such a trifle to a man of his consequence. Ah ! little did I think his heart would suffer him to put the threat in execution. Why do I say his *heart* ; he could not have *any* ; yet I did not imagine he would *kill* my Carlo !

Saying this, he threw himself again upon the dog, and sobbed aloud.

“Poor boy !” said Henry, “how sorry  
I am



I am for him ; what can we do to relieve his distress ?”

EMMILINE. I have thought of something ; he grieves for the loss of his dog, because it supplied to him the place of a friend. It is dead—he has none now ; but if I might, (looking tenderly at Albert) I think I could recommend one who would comfort him in all his troubles—(taking Albert’s hand) may I ask *you*, sir ! to be a friend to this unfortunate lad ?—Mamma, I am sure will contribute something with us to render his situation in life more comfortable ; but to his mind, who could give the comfort of your salutary counsels ? your friendship, therefore, would be more to him than all that *we* could do : yes, I know you will be his friend.

Albert took the charming girl in his arms, and suffered her to wipe off a tear from his venerable cheek, which her sensibility had excited : “ I will comply with your generous wishes,” said he, affectionately embracing her.

Then taking the hand of the poor boy, he exclaimed, “ the child of sorrow shall  
never

never want a friend while Albert has power to dispense to the aching heart a moment's comfort."

The goatherd, overpowered by a variety of emotions, was unable to speak; he knelt down—raised his eyes to heaven, as if thankful for a restoration of its blessings, and pressed the hand of the old man to his lips.

At length they persuaded him to accompany them to the cottage; where, to pass an hour or two, it was imagined might divert a melancholy, not all at once to be overcome; for though, grateful as he appeared for their favours, Carlo could not be forgotten. He turned back often to look for the spot where they had left him, and frequently passed his hand across his eyes to brush away the starting tear.

When he became more composed, Henry asked him if he did not intend, by some means or other, to punish the inhuman man who had killed his dog?

"Ah! no," he replied, "what would that avail? it would not restore my Carlo; and what pleasure is there in revenge."

venge. I have it every day in my power to return his cruelty. His dogs make great havock amongst our flocks, but I have never hurt one of them, nor ever will; although my master has spoken to him several times, he will not keep them upon his own grounds. Poor and ignorant as I am, I have not forgotten the lesson of humanity my father taught me, "to do good unto all, but no injury even to an enemy."

By this time they had reached the cottage, where they found a rural breakfast, prepared by the little boy and Agnes, to which the former had contributed all the rarities his garden could produce.

---

## CHAP. V.

PETER returned in a few hours after, accompanied by a wheelwright of the village; but on examination it was found the carriage had sustained so much injury, that

that it could not be fit for use in less than three days; an interval which was spent in the most agreeable manner by the inmates of the cottage.

One morning, after a cheerful breakfast, Madame de St. Claire thus addressed the good Albert: "Pardon my curiosity, my worthy friend, but I cannot help expressing a desire to know to whom we are indebted for the kind and hospitable reception we have met with in this solitude. Many circumstances lead me to suppose Albert is but an assumed name. I would not be impertinent; I have no motive but the sincerest friendship. We are soon to separate, and I cannot leave you without a wish of being, in some measure, instrumental to your happiness and welfare; deny not, then, a satisfaction, which a further account of yourself might afford me."

"And this is what I would refuse to many," replied the old man; "but your kindness deserves all my confidence; and although it may be painful to recall to remembrance the past events of my life, I will relate to you the misfortunes which have driven me to this state of poverty.

"My



“ My name is de Livré; my father was a reputable tradesman at Paris, and I was brought up to his business. For several years we continued in trade. As an only child, at his decease I became possessor of all his fortune, which was very considerable; a few months after which, I had the affliction to lose the best of mothers.

“ The time of wearing mourning for my dear parents was scarcely elapsed, when an intimate friend of my father's returned from India with his wife and daughter: the latter, a most amiable and accomplished young woman; in our infancy we were neighbours, and many of our youthful years had been spent together. Nor were our parents less affectionately attached to each other; mine were, alas! no more. The meeting on both sides was very affecting; our first interview being in the same room where five years before we had parted with mutual regret: the furniture was the same, and every thing remained in its former state. It was a favourite apartment of my dear mother's, and I had determined  
nothing

nothing there should undergo the least alteration, but retain the order she had been accustomed to approve. Her chair kept its usual place; it was the first to which I led Amelia. She sat down, and burst into tears; I was scarcely less affected; some minutes elapsed before either of us had power to articulate a syllable. At length my old friend affectionately pressing my hand, thus addressed me: ‘ You can have no friends, my dear Henry, who more sympathize in your afflictions, than those now before you. Ours is not a connection of a few short months, founded on interest or caprice; it is an attachment formed on a similarity of sentiments, and strengthened by the most intimate friendship. It is this intimacy, which for years I have regarded as the greatest blessing of my life; even when circumstances imposed so long a separation, we heard frequently from each other, and absence has neither altered our sentiments, nor our affections. Let me but see you happy, my dear boy! and I shall die in peace. I have brought with  
me

me a present, which I hope will make you so — *my daughter!*” “Is it possible,” I exclaimed, you can think me worthy of this blessing! my Amelia! shall I yet live and taste of happiness like this?”

“‘You only are deserving of the best of daughters!’ interrupted my friend; ‘may Heaven bless you both, my children! Your good father, before his death, informed me, by letter, of your attachment to Amelia, and accident made me acquainted with her sentiments for you.’ Madame Mélone then rising, took her daughter’s hand, and put it into mine, saying, ‘May you experience every felicity, my children! You are the only treasures we have left in this world, and the only objects for which we would wish the thread of our existence to be spun out for a few years longer.’—Here the voice of Albert faltered.—“Pardon me, madam, I can never think of this day, but with the greatest emotion, nor can I particularize every circumstance of our happy union, which took place two months after the return of my good friends. For  
several

several years the scene of happiness continued, and our dear parents lived to partake our domestic comforts, and to share our transports in the daily improvements of an only son. Little did we then think this darling child would be the cause of so much sorrow to us. But why do I reflect on him? it was, beyond a doubt, my boundless indulgence which laid the basis for the impropriety of his future conduct. He was of a lively turn of mind; and youthful frolics which merited the censure of parental authority, were too often considered as the overflowings of a volatile disposition. We had no other little one to share our affection; in him was centered all the joy, the delight of our existence; his every whim was complied with. He possessed abilities and a good understanding; but these were overvalued by our blind partiality. He knew how to take advantage of our weakness, and seldom failed to obtain our consent to all his wishes, however imprudent or absurd. His passions were violent, he could not endure the least restraint; Monsieur

Mélone



Mélone perceived this, in the answers he made, when any check was put upon his inclinations either by his mother or myself. He dreaded the uneasiness his future conduct might occasion us, and endeavoured to reason with him on the subject; but, in such conversations, the advice of his grandfather was too often totally disregarded, or turned into ridicule. At length he became superior to all controul, and we resolved to place him at an academy, the master of which had been strongly recommended to us. He had been at this seminary rather more than two months, when it pleased Heaven to take from us our worthy parent: Madame Mélone survived him only two years. Little else material happened to disturb our domestic tranquillity for some years. My son, after he had left school, became a partner with me in the business; but I was sorry to perceive no change in his disposition, though his person and manners had received every embellishment, but he had formed some connections which did not tend to the improvement of his  
morals,

morals or his heart. A few gay young men of fashion, who were pleased with his society, invited him often to their parties, and I fear but too frequently engaged him at the gaming table. Home and our little happy circle, seemed no longer to have any pleasures for him; our style of living became disgusting; for in this we aimed at nothing which did not entirely correspond with our situation. What has a tradesman to do with elegance? My son's ideas were very different from mine; he thought a splendid appearance necessary for the support of our house. When first in partnership, he must have two of the finest horses that could be purchased, to carry himself and servant to wait on those gentlemen who sent for him on business. It was in vain I remonstrated against these expensive proceedings. He would sometimes listen to me with patience; but what I said was soon obliterated from his mind, by the company of those who only sought his ruin.

It is true, a series of continued prosperity had enabled me to lay by a few

D                      thousands;

thousands ; but millions would have been too little for his support. Our trade, hereto so flourishing, daily declined as his extravagance increased. The general opinion seemed to be, that a man who drove his phaeton about the streets of Paris, could not be a person who was in care of employment. He married a beautiful woman of no fortune, whose disposition bore too great a resemblance to his own, for her ever to attempt a reformation. Gay, good humoured, and imprudent ; but too much the fine lady to attend to the duties of her family, the care of which was left entirely to servants, who took advantage of her negligence, to hasten the ruin of herself and her husband, by an exorbitant waste of every thing. My Amelia, who was the best of wives and mothers, endeavoured often to inspire her with a love of neatness and economy ; but she was too young and thoughtless to give ear to any argument on the subject."

The old man appeared so much affected with what he had related, that Madame de St. Claire begged he would defer the  
remainder

remainder of his history till the afternoon, or another opportunity. The children appeared greatly interested in what they had heard. In the most pathetic parts Emiline had been observed to put her handkerchief to her eyes; and when de Livré left off speaking, she jumped upon his knee, and throwing her little arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Wicked boy! to behave so ill to so good a father! but do not grieve about him now; mamma, I am sure, will always be your friend, and if we are not too young let us be your friends also. My brother, though a little vain, is a good boy; the more you know of him, the more you will like him; and you will love Clara too, who I am sure would work for you with all her heart. Do not look so melancholy, we will all do our utmost to make you happy." "Charming children!" he replied, "your future conduct, I dare predict, will recompence the best of mothers for all her cares, and realize a parent's fondest hopes."



## CHAP. VI.

AFTER dinner, Monsieur de Livré thus continued his interesting narrative. “ Although my son had now a family of five children, he still continued to squander away vast sums to enable him to keep up an acquaintance with his youthful dissolute companions, who seemed to aim at nothing but the completion of his ruin. It was in vain I represented to him the injury my circumstances had sustained, and exhorted him to be more prudent. He relied on the flattering promises of his friends, as he called them, and assured me all would be well ; that we should soon be able to bid adieu to the fatigues of a commercial life ; that they would place us in a situation where we should have nothing to do but enjoy ourselves in ease and splendor. Mistaken young man ! I was not acquainted with half his imprudence, till going one day into a silversmith’s to have a trinket of my Amelia’s repaired, I left my address, that

that it might be sent home when finished. The shopman had no sooner looked upon the card, than he desired me to do him the favour to stop a few minutes. Odd as this request appeared, I complied with it, and I saw him go to his master then in the compting house; who told me with a stately air, he could not possibly do any thing more till the whole account between us was settled.

“Astonished, I demanded what that account could be? as he was perfectly a stranger to me, having never entered his shop before. “It is no small affair,” he replied, “three hundred pounds;” “three hundred pounds!” I exclaimed, “you must be mistaken, I am not the person you suppose me.” “I beg your pardon, Sir; I have notes of hand which you have sent me from time to time, as securities for payment.” “Let me see them,” cried I eagerly. They were presently produced; I immediately recollected my son’s hand. A terror seized me, I was near fainting; the shopman, perhaps more compassionate than his master, observing my disorder, offered

me a chair; and I thus addressed the silversmith, as soon as I could articulate a word, for my agitation had for a few moments deprived me of speech. "You are mistaken, Sir, I again repeat, I am *not* the person you suppose me to be, though nearly related to him. It is my son, unfortunately, who is your debtor; I would defray the whole account this moment were it in my power; but at present it gives me the deepest concern to say it is not: all that I can do is to give you an order upon my banker for fifty pounds, and I will endeavour to settle the remainder in the course of a few days."

"This I had soon the satisfaction of doing, by disposing of some valuable prints. I had hoped that all his debts were then settled, or that this was the most considerable. Alas! how much was I mistaken. I was greatly surprised to see him a few mornings after this affair was settled, enter the warehouse, having been absent several weeks. I had never seen him in such a dishabille; his lips were livid, and his whole countenance was wild and ghastly.—

"I am ruined!"—he exclaimed, "irretrievably ruined! wretch that I am!" and he sunk into a chair. I feared there was but too much truth in this wild assertion, yet had scarce power to ask by what means so suddenly.

"And can you, Sir!" he cried with an hesitating voice, "speak to me with this composure? wretch! *detestable wretch!* monster that I am!—my father ruined too! by me! I cannot support it.—My mother! Oh! how severely will *she* feel my folly!—my own headstrong passions have raised the storm, and my vile friends in guilt have swelled the tempest to our undoing. I have *gamed*; enticed by *fiends*—for sure they were such!—in debt—I hoped to regain by one fortunate throw what I had lost, and by this means soon be able to settle all; nor stopped till at the detestable table I had staked the last guinea. No!" striking his forehead, "there is no resource—'tis done—my *wife*—my *children*; 'tis there I feel the acutest pang—Oh! Sir," falling on his knees before me, "if I dare to supplicate for THEM—con-



tinue to them the affection I have forfeited, despise them *not*—the harmless little ones partook not in a father's errors. How can I ever see them more! no!—yes I will see them; but it shall be to bid them an eternal farewell!—distraction seizes me,—'tis surely not my father I behold—his rage would spurn me from him, and from his lips the bitterest curses would pursue me. I have ruined him—he could not bear to look upon so vile a wretch!—see!—see! they are coming to seize us all!—fly—fly—my father!—No!—stay! and let ME meet their fury!” Saying this, he left the house ere I had power to follow him.

“For several weeks we could discover no traces of him; his family were removed, and we knew not whither. It is not in my power to describe to you my sufferings, or those of my Amelia. Unknown to me, my son had drawn upon my banker for considerable sums; and though a few months before I was possessed of thousands, I found I had now only a few pounds remaining; I was a bankrupt: and this was too soon made public. We remained

at

at a friend's house while our things were disposed of, with a friend who sincerely pitied our distress, but who had not the ability entirely to relieve it."

---

## C H A P. VII.

"ONE morning, taking a solitary walk through la Rue St. Germaine's, I was followed by two ragged boys, who asked charity of me. 'For God's sake, Sir,' said the eldest, 'give something to this poor child, who has not courage to beg, though starving; his father is dying, there is a wretched mother, and four more of them.' I was insensibly affected by the interest the beggar-boy took in the fate of his little indigent friend, in whom I recollected the features of my grandson, and followed his steps to the abode of the wretched family. It was a miserable garret; I arrived in time to receive my son's last sigh, who expired in my arms. They had lived, I found, in this wretched man-

ner ever since he left me so abruptly, upon the little produced by the pledging of their clothes. You will conceive the situation of my daughter and the helpless infants. I had no home to take them to, from this scene of misery; but, with the few shillings I had about me, I prevailed on the landlady to permit them to pass two days in another apartment, and took the eldest boy with me to my friend's house.

“My dear wife, overcome with fatigue and affliction, I found had not been able to leave her bed that day.

“My friend met me with his usual cheerfulness; he saw something had happened to distress me; and, at his request, I related to him the misery of which I had been a spectator. He desired me to be comforted, saying he would himself visit the unfortunate mother, and do something for their relief. It was in vain I urged him not to think of it, nor injure his circumstances by relieving our's. ‘Be under no apprehensions of this sort, my good friend,’ he replied, ‘the plan I mean to adopt shall not injure any one. Ask no questions; promise

promise me not to visit your daughter till the day after to-morrow; and then permit me to accompany you; in the mean time, rest assured every thing shall be done which her situation requires.' I must not omit to tell you the means by which this generous man became able to assist us. In one of the apartments, I was surprised to see the place vacant where an elegant organ had stood. I had entered this room one morning, the door being open, to admire a very fine picture which hung opposite. A servant coming in for something for his master, I enquired whither the instrument had been removed? he replied, his master had disposed of it, he believed, for a great sum of money. An idea of his generous plan immediately glanced through my mind. I saw him pass the door of the apartment where I was, and in a moment threw myself into his arms: but all my expressions of gratitude but feebly expressed the feelings of my heart. 'Forbear, my friend, to speak on this subject,' cried he, tenderly pressing my hand, 'what I have done is trifling. Fond as I am of music,



the instrument never gave me half the pleasure I have felt in the disposal of it, for you and yours; but that pleasure is not perfect till I have your approbation of my proceedings. We will visit your daughter.'

"This good man informed me by the way, that he had given orders for my son's funeral. I was surprised when we came to a small neat house in the outskirts of the city, to be told my daughter and her children resided there. We had the satisfaction of finding her better than could be expected. My friend had furnished a little shop for her, and there seemed to be a prospect of happier days; when this unfortunate mother was seized with a fever, and after a few days illness expired, leaving four helpless little ones. In the midst of this distress, my friend still remained faithful to me. He assisted in placing them at school, where the two elder survived their parents but a short time, and the youngest not more than twelve months. He settled us again in business, but my Amelia's frame was not equal to the rude shock of misfortune;

fortune; she died two months after my daughter-in-law. This was one of those troubles to which human fortitude is apt to imagine itself unequal; but that Providence, which had supported me in all my afflictions, did not forsake me at this trying period. In trade I was again for a few months successful, and continued in it till the death of my only friend. There seemed then nothing left to attach me to the world; sorrow had injured my health; I could not pursue my occupations with my former vigour. My friend having left me the remains of his small fortune, I purchased with it this dwelling, the desolate appearance of which, induced the proprietor to let me have it on moderate terms, where my grandchild has been my supporter, by cultivating the orchard and garden, the produce of which he sells weekly at the next village. The last season was not a favourable one; our fruits did not ripen, and we were obliged to dispose even of our furniture to procure a subsistence, and support me in a long and painful illness; but, thank God! there is a delightful

ful prospect this year, and we shall be rich again. Man, short-sighted mortal, ought never to despair !”

Here de Livré paused. The children, who had listened attentively to the history, now surrounded Madame de St. Claire, begging they might be permitted to do something before they left the cottage for their good friend. “And what would you do, my children?” she demanded; “Henry, let us hear in what manner you propose being useful to this worthy man.”

HEN. “Oh ! mamma, you know when my uncle last visited us, he gave me a purse filled with little coins. I will give that to our friend. Here is enough, is there not (taking it from his pocket) to purchase better furniture for the house, and to pay some workmen to repair it?”

MADAME. “Well, and what does Clara propose ?”

CLARA. “Ah ! mamma, that I had such a purse as my brother’s ; you have a few pocket pieces of mine, give them, I beg of you, but those will not be enough ; take my bracelets, the buckles are pearl, they

they are useless ornaments, are they not? Yet, perhaps, they might be sold for something, and then they would be of *real value*."

"My Emmiline, I fear, has not anything she can part with," said Madame de St. Claire.

EMMILINE. "A great deal, mamma; see this gold box. I value it because my uncle gave it me; he cannot be angry with me for parting with it to de Livré. I will write to him, tell him all his history, and then I am sure he will not.

"Here is my locket, it is set in gold, my scissar's sheath, and this pocket book, the case is silver. If he could sell them, he might be enabled to buy some new clothes; and when I see him newly and comfortably dressed, I am sure I shall think no more of these baubles."

"My dear children," said Madame de St. Claire, "you shall each follow your generous inclinations, and yet keep those things, which, from being a relation's gift, is so valuable. We will take a ride to the nearest town; you shall purchase,  
Henry,



Henry, with this note, clothes for your good friend; you, Clara, a new dress for this dear little boy; Emmiline shall make him a present of some useful books; and I will take charge of the repairs of the cottage, and new furnish it." Then addressing herself to Monsieur de Livré: "You must accept from my steward, every year, a sum sufficient to make your lives comfortable, and we will repeat our visits annually." "Can there be such an angel?" exclaimed the good old man; "shall the dear child, who has so long shared with me the miseries of poverty, rejoice in your benevolence? Oh! accept a father's thanks, may he ever be deserving of your bounty! For him how many hours of anxiety and care have I experienced! I am old, and the painful thought would frequently oppress me, that I must leave him. Heaven knows how soon, in this solitude, friendless and unprovided for. But now, oh! excuse my transports (bursting into tears) the joy is almost insupportable; he will have a friend when his poor grandfire is no more. Dear Madam, you  
are

are too generous; we have not deserved all that you would do for us, it is too much—" "And what is **THAT ALL?**" interrupted Madame de St. Claire, "the relief my circumstances allow me to offer you is very inconsiderable, it is not adequate to your merits. Yet in whatever way Providence has been bountiful to us, let us enjoy its blessings by dispensing them to others. The-completest happiness we can know in this world, is in relieving misery, and making those happy whom we esteem."

The carriage was ordered, and the children accompanied their mother to the neighbouring town. Henry, as they drove from the door, observed it was the happiest day he had ever passed. "From thence, learn, my son," said this amiable woman, "how much our own felicity is connected with that of others; and let no opportunity escape you of being serviceable to the unfortunate and the deserving."

## C H A P. VIII.

IN a few hours the purchases were made, and the happy party returned to the cottage. It was agreed that Monsieur de Livré should, that evening, make his appearance in his new attire; and Emmiline insisted on having the pleasure of decking out her little friend, who received their presents with a thousand thanks. Tears were the only language of the venerable de Livré: "Why does he cry?" demanded Emmiline; "I fear, mamma, we have not done enough." Then running up to him, "let me wipe away those tears, my *good* friend. When I am a great girl, and mamma allows me more money, I will lay it all by for you!" "I am overwhelmed with your goodness, my dear friends," at length exclaimed the cottager; "but the tears I shed, my affectionate young lady, are tears of joy, the *sincere*st Joy!" "Of Joy!" repeated Emmiline, "I thought people only cried when they were unhappy or distressed.

distressed. I cry when mamma is indisposed, or when she is displeased with me, because I am grieved I have offended her; and I have seen mamma cry too, when my brother was ill, and then I am sure she cried because she was in trouble. Pray let us see you smile, and we shall think you are really happy." It was some time before Madame de St. Claire could convince her daughter that the extreme either of joy or sorrow might give rise to the same emotions.

At length the appointed morning came, when they were to bid adieu to the solitude in which they had experienced such a portion of uninterrupted pleasure and satisfaction. It was with real regret they took leave of their worthy friend, who, after affectionately embracing the children, took them each separately in his arms to the carriage, while they exclaimed, in accents scarcely audible, "God bless you! Bless our good friend de Livré!" The carriage drove away. Grief would not permit the good man to bid them a second adieu. They gazed at him until a turn  
in



in the road prevented their enjoying longer this gratification; and soon even the lowly habitation ceased to be discernible. They had travelled some miles. The children were unable to overcome their dejection; when Madame de St. Claire endeavoured to divert their thoughts from the melancholy separation, to the beauties of the surrounding country; but it exhibited scenes, which the sorrow of the present hour would not suffer them to contemplate with any sensation of delight. "That you are concerned to leave a person who has treated you with so much kindness, is not surprising. It would have shewn an insensibility of heart, not to have been affected; but it is wrong to give yourselves up to this immoderate grief. We shall see Monsieur de Livré again in the course of a few months, and we are assured it will not be long before we shall have the pleasure of hearing from him; and ought we not to feel some consolation in having left him in easier circumstances? if you continue thus to give way to fruitless sorrow, you will not be able to bear the  
fatigues

fatigues of your journey. Be cheerful, I beg of you. Emmiline, I know, loves a story; Henry and Clara, I believe, can sometimes take pleasure in one; and I think I know a short history, which would amuse you, at least for a few minutes."

"Oh! do, do tell it us, mamma," they all exclaimed, while eager expectation seemed to arrest the starting tear. Madame, after tenderly embracing them, began the following little narrative;

#### THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

"What joy!" exclaimed Sophia to her sister, one morning as they left their apartment; "this day is come at last! The birth-day of our dear cousin. We are to go to the ball this evening. How I love a ball! how happy we shall be! I will wear my new frock, that is so prettily trimmed, with my sky blue sash." "And I," interrupted Mary, "those pretty slippers, which mamma bought for me the other day." At breakfast nothing was spoken of but the expected pleasures of the evening; the same subject was continued till

till dinner time, and their little heads were so much taken up with the thoughts of a dance, that they could not apply themselves to a single lesson. Their governess complained of their inattention. Throwing their arms around her neck, they exclaimed, "Excuse us, dear madame, to-day we cannot apply ourselves; it is the day of the ball, our dear cousin's birthday, whom we have seen but once since her return from the continent. Pray, pray excuse us; indeed we will be very assiduous to-morrow."

"It is enough," replied their amiable instructress. "I do not forget that I was once young as you are, and yield to your solicitations. We will set aside all business for to-day."

The morning passed away with all the sensations of delight, which hearts young as their's only could experience. "Why, mamma," said Sophia, as they were at table, "are you not as cheerful as we are? You are going to the ball with us, but you do not seem so joyful; and I have often observed, my dear mamma, that you have tears in your eyes, yet if we speak to you,  
you

you SMILE, and in a moment all your sorrow seems to be gone." "Do not, my love, question me on this subject," said the good mother, "you are as yet a stranger to affliction or misfortune, and so once was I. Many years have elapsed since the event, which causes me so often those emotions which excite your surprise. Do not seek to know any farther. In you, my dear children, I am HAPPY!" She sighed, and her eyes overflowed with tenderness, as she pressed them to her bosom.

Soon after, a servant entered with a note. It was to say that the young Lady (Sophia and Mary's cousin) was taken suddenly ill, and obliged to put off the ball till another day. The countenance of the children betrayed every emotion of vexation and disappointment, as their mamma read aloud the unpleasant intelligence. "I would not give anything to go another time," cried Sophia; "I had thought with so much pleasure of this evening. I shall not be able to wear my pretty frock for I know not how long, and then the charming dance



dance we should have had !” “ I know,” interrupted Mary, “ it will be put off from day to day, and we shall never go.” Saying this she burst into tears. Mrs. Lambert who observed and pitied their uneasiness when the first transports of their grief began to subside, thus addressed them “ I am very sorry, my dears, you are deprived of this long-expected pleasure, and more so that your cousin’s ill health prevents her having the enjoyment of her friends society. But we must not suffer ourselves to be too much affected by trifles. If her life was in danger, you would have reason for these tears ; but by a letter I have just received from her mother, I am informed that her indisposition is by no means alarming. Quietness is prescribed, and I have no doubt but in a few days we shall hear of her perfect recovery. Since the ball is deferred, we must endeavour, amongst ourselves, to pass this evening as agreeably as we can ; but then I must insist that you throw off this dejection, and appear with your accustomed cheerfulness. You would not wish, I am  
sure,

sure, to make those you love uncomfortable, by fullness and ill humour for this trivial disappointment." "No, my dear mamma," said Sophia, drying her eyes, "we will not give you cause to be displeased with us. We will be cheerful. What shall we do to amuse you?" "Shall we play or sing to you, dear mamma?" demanded Mary, kissing her hand. "Neither, my love," replied this indulgent parent; "I am so pleased with this your effort to oblige me, in drying up your tears, that I must think of something for YOUR amusement. We will go and drink tea with the good woman of the farm, whom we have seen but once since we came into the country." "What, Nannette?" cried the children, "how glad we shall be to see her again! You remember how we loved her, when she was our nurse. Thank you! thank you for this indulgence, dear mamma!" And in a moment the disappointment was forgotten.

The evening was one of the most delightful for a walk. Mrs. Lambert and the young people were joyfully welcomed

E

by

by the amiable cottager, who, in a few minutes, liberally set before them the productions of her little tenement.

While partaking of these, a beggar at the gate excited the curiosity and attention of her sprightly guests; for the pleasures of the afternoon had raised, even the depressed spirits of Mrs. Lambert. The person who asked their charity, was an elderly woman, accompanied by a beautiful girl, who appeared to be not more than ten years of age. They were cleanly dressed, though their clothes were ragged. "Alas!" said the poor wanderer, "it is not for myself I implore your benevolence; I am old; the days of my life will soon be at an end; it is for this dear child, she is well born and deserves a better fate. But what do I say! perhaps she is now an orphan, and her only remaining friend, the unfortunate wretch who now begs upon her knees a bit of bread for her. Oh! do—do not refuse it, she is ready to faint with fatigue; we have travelled many a weary mile through rugged roads to-day; and last night, I thought I should have lost her;

her; no one would give us shelter from the storm; we braved its fury in the forest—ah! such a night. This dear child, though thus forsaken, is amiable, and worthy of all that can be done for her.” Mrs. Lambert, affected almost to tears, desired the aged suppliant to come in. “Give us,” said she, “some account of yourself, and of the dear child you have thus protected, my good woman; but first drink a little milk, it will do you good. You have greatly interested us; sit down, you seem very much fatigued.” Mary and Sophia immediately offered their basins to the little girl. “Heaven bless you, madam!” said the woman, as she took the milk, “our story is a long one, but you have humanity, and will listen to the recital of our misfortunes with patience.

“It is now almost six weeks since we were driven by a wicked landlord (lately come to his estate) from our habitation. He was a proud, austere, avaricious man. The sight of our humble dwelling was a most disgusting spectacle to him; he ordered his steward to have it pulled down, and to



send the inhabitants away. This man, not less cruel than his master, would not listen to our supplications, nor even permit us to stay and pack up our few clothes. As if he had not shewn in this sufficient severity, he demanded the immediate payment of all that was due to him; a great sum to me at that time, for bad health had rendered me, for many months, incapable of doing any thing towards earning any money for our subsistence; and all that I had formerly laid up had been expended for the support and education of this dear innocent. Ah! there was once a time, when we were in a better situation; but the death of my dear husband, reduced me to poverty. I could no longer keep her at school; and after having sold the greatest part of our furniture, I rented this hut, about three miles from St. Alban's, where, by my daily labour, I have supported this dear child; and when not able to work, she has been so good, so kind to me in all my sickness; it was then her industry maintained us both."

"She is your niece, I imagine," said Mrs. Lambert,

Lambert, "perhaps a brother's unprotected daughter." "Ah! no, madam, she is born of nobler parents. In me you behold her nurse, the attendant of her helpless years: her father and mother, when they set off for America, consigned her to my care, and proud was I of the precious charge; my husband being at that time in business, we were prosperous and happy. The charming girl became every day dearer to us. Had she been our own we could not have loved her better. What is there now that I would not do for her? for her dear parents—alas! they are dead—perhaps buried in the profound abyss of the sea!—I have received but one letter since their departure." "What was their name?" asked Mrs. Lambert with emotion. "My master's name was Lambert — Colonel Lambert," replied the woman. "Heavens!" exclaimed the affectionate mother, "is it, can it be possible? but tell me your own;" "Elson, madam." With increasing surprise, Mrs. Lambert caught the child in her arms, and pressing her to her bosom, thus continued,

“Is it not an illusion?—do I live to embrace again my daughter, after having vainly sought her for so many years! My dear—my first child!—It is! it is herself!—my heart tells me that it is, though long supposed to be no more! Thy mother’s dearest blessing lives—my Caroline! My nurse too, the generous protectress of my helpless innocent! How shall we ever recompense your cares, or reward you for the hours of anxiety and misery you have passed on our account? In a moment the good woman was upon her knees before Mrs. Lambert, and pressing her hand with fervour; “My dear, my beloved mistress! do I live to see you once again, to restore this darling to a mother’s arms, to see you happy?—Now I shall die content. Receive my prayer, Oh! Father of the friendless; preserve and bless this dear, this worthy family!—But” looking earnestly around her, “one is wanting—my good master!” “He is well, my affectionate nurse,” replied the joyful parent, “and is now in England. Oh! let us hasten home to restore to him his long-lost child.”

—“It

—“It was then for the loss of our dear sister, mamma,” said the children, “that we have seen you so often sorrowful. Dear, dear Caroline, how happy we are to find you. *Good nurse*, we will love you as well as you have loved our sister.” “It is now,” interrupted the enraptured mother, “more than six years since we returned to England; you were the first person we sought on our arrival; but the house you formerly occupied, was let to another person, and we were told that every one thought you dead. Unexpected happiness—you live—and have preserved, regardless of your own, a life so dear. Oh! my Caroline! my Caroline!—” She could articulate no more. Mary and Sophia were not less affected—they wept, they embraced their sister by turns, who returned their caresses with the tenderest affection. The carriage, which Mrs. Lambert had ordered to fetch them, now drove up to the gate; and they took a hasty leave of Nannette, anxious to introduce the lovely object of their sudden joy, to the best of fathers.



“How fortunate!” exclaimed Sophia, “if the ball had not been deferred, we should not have enjoyed this pleasure.”—  
“Let this teach you then, my children,” said their good mother, “that the severest DISAPPOINTMENTS, may sometimes prove the source of our greatest happiness.”

“And now my little ones,” continued Madame de St. Claire, “which character are you most pleased with in this story?”

HENRY. “Oh! mamma, that of the good old nurse, who took care of the little girl, when she was so poor herself.”

EMMILINE. “And I admire the dear children, who so readily offered their milk to the weary stranger; did it not shew a good heart, mamma?”

MADAME. “Certainly, my love, they could not have given a better proof; they waited not to be informed what her necessity required, but conceiving in a moment the misery of her situation, did all in their power to relieve it.”

CLARA. “Mamma, I always thought beggars were a bad kind of people; and had I been in the place of Mrs. Lambert, I should

should have told the poor woman to have gone about her business; but I shall not think so of them in future, since this story has convinced me, it is possible that many, who have lived in affluent circumstances, may have been reduced by unavoidable misfortunes to poverty and distress; and that we should not always judge of persons from their outward appearance."

In this manner did the little travellers drive away fatigue and dejection. They spoke of de Livré, but with more cheerfulness, and concerted many plans of amusement, to be executed at their next visit to him.

On the evening of the second day after they left the cottage, the happy party arrived at the end of their journey.

---

## CHAP. IX.

THE villa of Monsieur de Courci was situated on an extensive plain, surrounded with beautiful gardens and plantations.

E 5

As

As they approached it, the moon was just rising, and illumined with its silver rays, the distant summit of Mont Blanc. The evening was one of the most serene, when not even the whistle of the mountain peasant, interrupted the plaintive note of the nightingale, prolonged by the gentle breeze.

“ Ah ! here we are at last,” exclaimed Henry with transport, “ how glad I am to see the old mansion I have heard so much of. How pretty it looks by moonlight ! does it not mamma ? What a nice avenue of trees ! what pleasure we shall have to-morrow, in going through all the walks !” By this time they were at the door, which was opened by an old porter, who for thirty years had been entrusted with that employment. “ Oh ! Lémouison,” said Madame de St. Claire, “ how do you do ? how is your wife and family ?” “ All well, thank you ; my lady, Jaqueline is within. We have been pure hearty since we had the pleasure of seeing you here ; though grown somewhat older. We hope you will find every thing in the same order

it

it used to be ; master has left us rather suddenly, poor gentleman !—he told us you were coming to be mistress here, and that we must obey your orders as if they were his own ; but he need not have said this, we have not forgotten Madame de St. Claire.” The children were delighted with the hospitable civility of these faithful servants, to whom they could have wished to have addressed a thousand questions ; but it was getting late, and their mamma thought it time they should retire to rest after the fatigues of so long a journey.

The following morning, by nine o’clock, the whole family were assembled in the breakfast parlour.

The countenance of Clara alone wore the gloom of dissatisfaction. She returned, with apparent indifference, the civilities of her brother and sister ; and was the only one who did not propose some plan of amusement for the morning. Madame de St. Claire having occasion to inspect some domestic affairs after breakfast, the young people were left alone. “ Are you unwell,

E 6                      sister ?”



sister?" kindly asked Emmiline, observing her dejection, and attempting to kiss her.

CLARA. "No—but I do not want to be fondled by you."

HENRY. "But, Clara, what is the matter? you look so *serious*, so *cross*, if you are not more good humoured, I shall wish mamma had left you in some of those thick forests we passed through yesterday."

CLARA. "Indeed one might as well be there as in this château. See what a gloomy place it is! And then there are no houses near us, no young people to play with us. I wish we were again with our little friends at Paris."

EMMILINE. "You know, Clara, mamma has promised that if we are good, she will do all in her power to amuse us. There are plenty of books in the library, and she will, I have no doubt, read some of them for our entertainment."

HENRY. "Yes, but Clara does not like reading. You know she hates every thing but play. Where are your dolls, sister? I'll tell Jenny to go and unpack them—the pretty dear shall be amused."

Clara,

Clara, hurt and offended at her brother's officiousness, retired to the farthest part of the room. Her mamma entered soon after, and enquired what was the matter? "Oh! do not ask me," said Emmiline, "Clara will tell you."—Madame then turning towards Henry, seemed to demand an explanation from him; though severe as his conduct had been to his sister when they were alone, the reproof he had once received from de Livré, came at this moment across his mind, and he determined to be silent, rather than appear ungenerous or ill-natured; he was not naturally so; and when he erred in this respect, it was through thoughtlessness, not from a depravity of disposition.

Madame de St. Claire, going up to Clara, thus addressed her. "I am indeed concerned to see this sorrowful countenance, my dear girl; you have left, it is true, a few friends behind you, but I should hope those who are most dear to you are now present, and that you would suffer yourself to be amused by those diversions they are desirous of procuring you. Had you a taste

taste for books, my Clara, we certainly could procure you a larger source of entertainment. I yet hope a time will come when I shall see you take pleasure in them. Your present conduct is highly displeasing to me, for I imagined you would have endeavoured to render your society as agreeable as possible to me in this solitude. It is rather an ungrateful return for all my attempts to make you happy." She then proposed a walk to the young folk; but none could prevail on Clara to accompany them. She said she did not want to see flowers and trees, they could afford her no amusement. "I am sorry to perceive, my dear," said her mother, "that in your present disposition, there is not any thing which could give you pleasure." "Good bye, miss Sulky," cried Henry, as they were going out; "I hope you will be in better temper when we return." "And by what authority do you call your sister names, Henry?" said Madame de St. Claire, "you know I do not suffer such impertinence; she merits my displeasure, but not your insolence. Ask her pardon for

for this disrespectful treatment." Henry returned to his sister, and took her hand, saying, "Will you forgive me, Clara, I know it was not right to call you such a name; I will not do so any more." "Think no more of it, my dear brother, I am most to blame, for having given you reason to suppose I merit it." Henry, to whom his mother's displeasure gave the greatest uneasiness, dared not approach her, till Emmiline had said something in his favour. "Mamma," said this charming girl, "you will permit Henry to walk with us, will you not?—he is grieved he has offended you: I shall not have half the pleasure if he does not go with us; nor will you be so happy, my dear mamma, for I know you love my brother." Emmiline then led him towards Madame de St. Claire, who thus addressed him.—"You are sensible, my son, you have committed a fault; but this contrition makes me hope you will never again incur my displeasure by a repetition of it—you have my entire forgiveness." They then proceeded to the garden. It was kept in  
 admirable



admirable order, and there were a variety of beautiful plants and flowers, the nature and names of which, Henry and Emmiline were desirous of being acquainted with. They had scarce gone over all the different walks, before the bell summoned them to dinner, Clara had ceased crying, but had not resumed her usual cheerfulness. The children spoke in raptures of their morning ramble, and were surprized to see, as soon as the cloth was removed, the carriage drive up to the door. "I propose," said Madame de St. Claire, "to make a little excursion this afternoon to the dairy house. It is situated in a very pleasant part of the country, and I am sure you will be much entertained with its inhabitants; the worthy people I find are still living. As for Clara, who imagines there can be no kind of amusements at a distance from Paris, we will leave her to divert herself as she thinks proper at home." The mistaken girl now indeed began to repent of not having shared in the pleasures of the morning, and felt some desire to be of the party; but her mamma would not hear of

of it, and left her to the charge of the good Jaqueline, to whom she gave strict injunctions not to behave to her with the least familiarity, as her conduct had been such as she could not entirely approve.

---

## CHAP. X.

THE dairy was about four miles from the villa, a thatched dwelling, over which an old vine extended its luxurious branches almost on all sides, whose purple clusters overshadowed the narrow lattices. By the door was a bench encircled with woodbines and ivy, the favourite seat of the aged cottager, when the declining sun put a period to the labours of the day. As they approached, they were surprised with the sound of music. The merry tabor echoed among the hills, and its cheerful notes seemed to announce an eve of festivity. Several young peasants were seen dancing on the lawn, at a little distance from the house. "Oh! look mamma," said Henry, "here

"here is a ball! how prettily the young girls are dressed, and how pleased they look! I never saw any fine ladies at Paris look half so happy, even in your drawing-room; but they have all wreaths of white roses round their heads; what can that mean?" On a sudden the music paused—the appearance of a carriage had for a while suspended the sportive scene. Madame alighting with the children, begged they would continue their diversion, while they spoke a few words to the good old couple, who had seated themselves beneath the extensive branches of an aged oak which for several years had been the ornament of their solitude. The worthy people rose at the approach of a stranger. "Good Heaven,!" exclaimed the herdsman, "is it Madame de St. Claire, I see?—How is our worthy master, Monsieur de Courci?"

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "He was well when we heard of him. I am come again to visit you, and have brought two of my little ones to see you." "Heaven bless their pretty faces!" exclaimed Mar-

cillon

illon, taking them up in his arms and kissing them. "How does my good name?" demanded Madame de St. Claire, turning to the herdsman's wife; "but do not let us interrupt your sport. It is a festival, I see, and some of those young people, I suppose, are your children."

Yes, and please you, that young woman in white is our eldest daughter; she was married this morning to the lad you see dancing with her; so we invited a few neighbours to make a kind of holiday. The two girls to the left of her are her sisters; and that stripling who is sitting down yonder is our son. Thank God!" continued Marcillon, "we are very happy in our children; they are our greatest comfort; and though Lucinda is married so well, we shall be sorry to lose her; but we shall enjoy her dear company a few days longer, as they will not go to their own habitation this fortnight. Dear madam, do walk in, and partake of some refreshment, or perhaps you would like to have it here better."

Madame de St. Claire expressing a wish  
to



to remain spectator of the rural fête, he called to his son, Louis, to bring a little table, and ordered him to get some fruits and new milk for the visitors. "It is long," said the happy peasant, "since we had this honour; and we must let our young neighbours enjoy their sport an hour the longer, to welcome our noble guests." On a signal given, the dance again began. Henry and Emmiline, after they had partaken of the homely, though delicious entertainment, joined the merry throng; and never had any amusement afforded them such delight.

"How charming it is to dance in the open air!" cried Henry, skipping up to his mamma; "and then what a delightful evening! I wish Clara was here, I am sure I should not be tired these three hours;" and he joined again his little partner.

"You are very happy here," said madame to the herdsman. "Yes, my good lady, our flocks are prosperous, and indeed we have not a single care. I often wish the good Monsieur de Courci could be prevailed on to live at the villa, and now and then

then come and take a peep at us. He used to be so cheerful, till of late years, since this melancholy disorder seized his mind. What a pity, with such a good heart, that he should have any thing to distress him ; they say a disappointment in love has been the cause of it." Madame de St. Claire, willing to give a turn to the conversation, resumed—" But I think, Jacine, you must have a great deal of fatigue in your way of life ?" " That may be," she replied, " we work hard, it is true, but custom has worn away that difficulty ; and the recreations of the evening are the sweeter for the toils of the day. A thousand trifles, that would perhaps affect others, do not give us a moment's uneasiness. We have never accustomed ourselves to look for perfect felicity, yet are happy as it is possible for mortals to be. We have health, and dutiful children ; in our labours we are successful, and what else could we desire ? Ah ! madam ! how often do I wish, when I meet a fine carriage on the high road, that its owners were as happy as we are !" " But you do not dance every

every evening, I presume?" said madame. "No, good lady," replied Jacine, (for that was the name of the herdsman's wife) "but our children amuse us; we have a few books, and they take it by turns to read to us. Louis plays on his pipe too, now and then, and the girls sing to it. Lucinda, they say, has a very pretty voice.

A music master, who came into this part of the country about two years since, would have given her some instructions for nothing, but it would have made her vain, and taken her mind from things of more importance; so we declined his generous offer. Her wild note pleases us, nor do we wish her better informed. You would think these merits trifling, did you know how good she is. I had a fit of the rheumatism last winter, (a severe one it was) and had you seen, you never would have forgotten, all she did for me; so tender, so affectionate, so attentive; and my spinning went on as well as if I had walked about. I believe the dear child worked, as she sat up with me every night."

Madame de St. Claire chatted with these

these good people and family, till the falling dew warned her it was time to return. The children wished for another dance, but she was fearful of their taking cold. Accustomed to regard her will as the rule of their inclinations, without a murmur they cheerfully stepped into the carriage, nodding to the happy groupe as long as they remained in sight. "I should like," exclaimed Henry, "to visit these honest people every day. Why is not every body so happy?" "Because," replied madame, "there are few who have rightly considered what is the basis of TRUE HAPPINESS. They imagine it consists in the gratification of their desires, and a pursuit of pleasure. We have seen an example to the contrary, in these worthy peasants; who, without forming one extravagant idea in the search of true felicity, find it in contentment. Indeed, happiness is much nearer to us, than we are often inclined to think, when our passions and our caprice prevent our enjoyment of it. I rejoice that the scene we have witnessed, has made some impression on your minds. You have seen health



health and happiness, the reward of virtue and industry."

For the first two miles of their return, the dairy furnished matter for conversation. As it grew darker, the children's attention was attracted by the number of stars that then shone forth with their brightest lustre; when their observations were interrupted by the carriage suddenly stopping. Madame de St. Claire immediately demanded what was the matter? "It is a post-chaise broken down," replied the coachman. "Who is in it? is any one hurt?" was instantly repeated by the whole party. "William, give your assistance," said Madame de St. Claire. He had not waited for the benevolent mandate, one foot was already on the ground, and he sprang forward to help the injured travellers, as his mistress's voice caught his attention. The chaise was thrown, by the loss of a wheel, almost entirely on one side, and his first care was to extricate the travellers from their disagreeable, if not dangerous situation. This was with difficulty effected. At length Madame de St. Claire, who had kept

kept her eye fixed on the fatal spot, saw advancing towards her carriage, an elderly gentleman, and a young girl whom she imagined to be his daughter; a bright ray of moonlight at that instant fell upon her countenance, which if not regularly beautiful, at least did not want animation. Having opened the coach-door, William hastily ran back to seek the unfortunate driver. After the first congratulations were over, the old gentleman thus addressed Madame de St. Claire: "Much as we are indebted to you for this kindness, madam, it is certainly pleasant to know on whom we bestow our favours; I must therefore inform you, that the person you have thus seasonably assisted is an Englishman, and one the commercial world has long acknowledged as the most respectable. My name is Charles Cayenne, esquire, of Comfit Hall in the county of Suffolk; I have laid by a few thousands, and have bid adieu to the fatigues of trade: I have but one care, that is, my daughter; she has been five years at one of the most celebrated boarding schools; she can dance, sing, play,

F

do

do all kinds of fancy works, knows French grammatically; and I am going to take her to a convent to give a finish to her pronounciation." "A convent!" exclaimed Emmiline, "poor thing! I should not like to be imprisoned in one." "Oh! dear miss," replied the young lady, "I am astonished to hear *you* say so, who probably reside in Switzerland; we English girls think it a most delightful thing to be sent to France; I have been teasing papa to grant me the favour these two years; indeed no young lady can be treated in the *higher circles* with any respect, whose education has not received its last polish on the continent."

EMMILINE. "But your papa cannot be admitted into the convent; will you not be very sorry to part with him?"

MISS CAYENNE. "No, not at all. I shall hear from him; and in twelve months I shall return, and surprise all our polite circles with my improvements."

HEN. "Well, if I was going to be separated from my dear mamma, I am sure I should be much distressed. Where is your

your mamma? have you left her in England?"

MISS CAYENNE. "She died when I was very young; but bless me! what has your coachman got there dragging along?"

HEN. "Oh, dear! it is the poor postilion. Oh, mamma! is he not dead?"

Madame de St. Claire, with the most anxious solicitude, enquired into the fate of the poor man, and found that he had received some severe bruises, being thrown from his horse; and that her servant was conveying him to a small public-house at a little distance from the road-side. Emiline shuddered at the paleness of his countenance as he passed the carriage. "La, mis!" exclaimed their new companion, "how sorry and distressed you seem for the poor wretch; I dare say it is not the first accident he has met with; people in his way of life are liable to many; he ought to have seen to the wheels of the chaise; papa said he was a careless scoundrel."

HEN. "We should not think of people's



ple's faults when we see them in misfortune; should we mamma?"

MAD. "We should not increase their present afflictions by reproof; if misfortune is the consequence of ill conduct, the weight of it will be found sufficiently heavy, without the pressure of unkindness. If, indeed, their behaviour should deserve a reprimand, we ought to watch the opportunity when this may be given with most effect."

Mr. Cayenne, pulling his travelling cap over his forehead, and wrapping his great coat more closely about him, thus addressed Madame de St. Claire: "Indeed, madam, I must say I think you are too considerate a vast deal to this worthless fellow; here are we sitting still in the carriage, and breathing the damp air of evening, at the hazard of our lives perhaps, while your servant is waiting on the driver of a post-chaise, with as much ceremony as if he were a lord. What if we had left him in the road, some farmer or labourer would have picked him up before midnight no doubt, and

furnished him with a lodging in a *barn*, which is by far the fittest place for him."

"Mamma," whispered Henry, but loud enough to be overheard; "I wish you could teach this gentleman to think and feel as we do."

"And how is that, Sir?" demanded the half-offended squire.

HEN. "Why, when I see any one in pain, I think how I should like somebody to comfort me, were I in the same situation; and I never see any one in trouble but I feel so—I don't know how to describe it—feel as if I had the *power*, I would relieve their sorrows.—Do you not always feel so, miss?"

MISS CAYENNE. "Indeed I do not understand you. I never demean myself with the affairs, or the afflictions of the *vulgar*."

By this time William was at the coach window, to say that if the travellers were disposed to remain upon the road that night, there were accommodations to be procured at a neighbouring inn; that the post-boy and horses could be taken care of

at the nearest alehouse ; since it was impossible the chaise could be thoroughly repaired till the morning.

Mr. Cayenne, who perhaps dreaded nothing more than the damps of evening, willingly agreed that Madame de St Claire should go a little way out of the road, to see them comfortably accommodated. William was again sent to the house where the postillion had been taken to, with orders that every necessary might be procured which his situation demanded.

Henry and Emmiline could not help expressing their satisfaction, when left again to the society of their mother. "What, mamma," said the latter, "did Miss Cayenne mean, when she said she did not demean herself with the affairs of the vulgar ? do you degrade yourself when you visit our poor neighbours ; but perhaps *they* are not vulgar."

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "This young lady has been educated with very different ideas to you, my Emmiline."

EMMI. "I shall not like her then."

MAD.

MADAME. "And why not? Is it *her* fault if she does not think justly, or act with propriety on every occasion; she has no mother to superintend her education."

EMMI. "True, I had forgot that; it makes me feel as if I could love and pity her."

HENRY. "What a disagreeable man is her father. I do not like him at all."

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "He appears indeed a singular character, yet in some respects he may be a worthy man. We ought not to judge too hastily; he is a stranger to us, and since the little we have seen of him has not prepossessed either of us in his favour, let us forbear to talk of him."

HENRY. "But his daughter, do you like her?"

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "I pity her for the mistaken education she has received; otherwise brought up, she might have proved one of the most amiable of characters; at present, many apprehensions may be entertained for her future happiness and welfare."



The subject was still continued by the children, till they were within sight of the gate of the château.

---

C H A P. XI.

THEY were welcomed home by the repentant Clara, whose countenance bore the strongest marks of sincere contrition. Though not faultless, she had an affectionate heart, in which her mother's displeasure excited the greatest grief. At their next visit to the dairy, she was permitted to accompany them; and acknowledged there were some pleasures to be enjoyed, even at a distance from the metropolis. Far from finding the time hang heavy on their hands, or experiencing the dulness of solitude, after having passed a few months in this retirement, they owned they had never been so happy. Madame de St. Claire diversified their employments in such a manner, that they had always something new to learn, or to be informed of. The mornings were devoted to study; when the business of the

the day was completed, they rode, walked, or cultivated their gardens; for Henry and his sisters had each a portion allotted them.

One evening, returning in high spirits from these their accustomed occupations, and passing the glass doors which opened into the garden from the saloon, they saw Madame de St Claire, who was sitting with a desk and papers before her. Henry exclaimed, we must not make a noise, mamma is busy; let us enter softly at the other door. They were going round to it, when they saw her beckon to them.

"Oh! now we may go in," cried Emmiline, and in a moment she was at her side.

"I am writing," said Madame de St. Claire, "to your uncle, to your godfather, Henry; have you any thing to say to him?"

HENRY. "Yes, I think I should like to thank him for having sent us into Switzerland, to inform him how happy we are, and about our good friend de Livré; will you say all this for me, mamma?"

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "I fear I shall not have room. Here are pens and paper, suppose you write to him yourself."

HENRY. "But, mamma, I never wrote a letter; how should I express myself?"

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "Imagine that he is present, and that you are talking to him."

HENRY. "Oh! then it will be very easily done. Well, I will try, you will look over and correct it, if I should make any faults."

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "I will point them out; but it would not be right in me to assist you farther."—Henry then took up a pen, and, after some consideration, wrote as follows:

"MY DEAR UNCLE!

"Mamma not having room in her letter to add all I wish to say to you, she has given me permission to write myself. I have long wished to thank you, dear god-papa, for giving us this charming house to live in; it is so large, so elegant, and ornamented with such beautiful paintings, I never look at them but I wish I could do half as well; and then there are such delightful walks about, which you know, and doubtless have enjoyed many a summer's

mer's evening. I wish you would come and visit us, dear uncle; you would then see, for I am sure it is impossible to tell you how happy we are. Mamma is so kind to us, my sisters are so affectionate, the good Lémouison and Jaqueline so obliging. I must not forget to tell you, that in our way thither we met with an accident, which delayed our journey for a few days: but I am glad it happened, because through that we became acquainted with such a worthy man, whom we found in much distress; he told us his history, I will inclose it in this letter; I am sure I can recollect it, and it will give you pleasure to hear how comfortable he is now. It was mamma who made him so; perhaps she would not like I should tell you more of this; therefore I will be silent; but if you ever come into Switzerland, you will go and see him, and he will tell you all himself. My sisters would each of them have left some present with him; mamma said what they could do would be of little use; but she gave them money to purchase what would be serviceable to him. The dear girls were quite transported, for they are both gene-



rous and compassionate; if you knew all the good they wish to do, I am certain you would love them dearly. They unite with me in grateful thanks to you, for the packet of instructive toys we received last month. Emmiline can already travel over the map of Europe, and give an accurate description of every place worth notice. Clara has learnt the kings of England and France: before you hear from us again, she will be perfect in the dates and remarkable events of each reign. How greatly are we all indebted to you for the variety of our pleasures. Accept the duty and gratitude of Clara and Emmiline, my dear uncle, with that of your affectionate nephew and godson,

HENRY DE ST. CLAIRE."

"WILL not that do?" said Henry to his mamma, after he had read it aloud.

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "Yes, for a first attempt it is very tolerable, and it gives me pleasure to see there is not one word that you have made a mistake in the spelling of. If you are not tired, you may

may now write the history of Monsieur de Livré, and I will inclose it in the parcel."

HEN. "Are you going to send anything more than our letters?"

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "Yes, three drawings from the port folio of Clara, Emmiline, and Henry."

HENRY. "But will my uncle be pleased with such sketches? they are mere outlines, mamma."

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE "More could not be expected from you, and it will certainly be a satisfaction to him to remark your gradual improvements."

The ensuing month Madame de St. Claire had the pleasure of receiving the following letter from Monsieur de Courci.

Monsieur de Courci to Madame de St. Claire.

"ST. GERMAIN.

"The opening of your charming packet, my dear niece, occasioned me the most heartfelt satisfaction, mingled with a sensation of pleasure greater than I could have hoped again to have experienced. It was for *you* I felt it, not for myself.

" Surrounded

“ Surrounded by your family, you taste the most exalted happiness in the *same spot*, in *the same dwelling*, where so many miserable hours succeeded the peaceful days of my childhood, each harrowing recollection with the infidelity of Sabina. Hateful name ! Why cannot I banish it from my memory ? Why, when I would participate your pleasures, does it bring forward a thousand agonizing reflections ? yet I think these are something less acute, since I have so warmly interested myself in your welfare. I feel I have yet *some* blessings attached to existence. My *nephew*, my *Henry*, I look forward to that period when, on the completion of his education, I may embrace him as a friend, the worthy image of his honoured parent, the inheritor of his virtues. Noble youth ! I see he would interest me for his sisters ; 'tis generous of him ; and from his description of them, I am led once more to hope that truth, fidelity, and candour, may reign in more than *one* female mind. Yes, my niece, I sometimes flatter myself that *your* sentiments, *your* piety, may be reflected

on

on their youthful hearts, till at length they may be resplendent through the system of their future conduct.

“ The little drawings you have sent me shall add to the decorations of my library; they are more correct than might have been expected for the productions of such early years, and do infinite credit to their instructress.

“ Do not urge me to visit you, my dear niece, my mind is not sufficiently tranquilized as yet, to be the spectator of your felicity. In this retreat, four miles from the capital, I am endeavouring to regain my former composure, and overcome the melancholy which Sabina's falsehood has thrown upon my spirits. When I first wrote to you on the subject of retirement, life seemed to be devoid of every comfort. *Your* letters, *your* happiness, appear to have recalled a portion of its blessings, and a wish to live for your sake, and the sake of your children. Yet I shall seclude myself from the world, till time, assisted by reason and reflection, shall have worn away the prejudices occasioned by one unworthy being.

“ I am



“ I am pleased with Henry’s narration. The simple manner in which he has related the history of de Livré, his sorrows, and his misfortunes, deeply affected me ; it has done *more*, it has interested me in his future welfare : I must share in the act of benevolence, and contribute my mite to render his circumstances still more easy. Sixty pounds a year will add a few to the number of his present comforts, and will be one great means of putting me in good humour with the world and myself.

“ Should I ever be able to overcome my present feelings, and return to spend any time in Switzerland, he should be the first with whom I would solicit an intimacy.

“ Adieu, my dear niece, remember me to all the old and faithful establishment. Write as often as the important task in which you are engaged will permit, for *you* only have the power to restore a sensation of pleasure to the dejected heart of,

DE COURCI.”

## C H A P. XII.

THEY had been more than a twelve-month at the villa, when one morning Henry and his sisters asked leave of their mother, to take a walk before breakfast with Agnes, to a beautiful situation about two miles off, where they proposed endeavouring to sketch some views.

Being arrived at the spot, they were some time seeking where to place themselves; at length Henry exclaimed: "Oh! what a delightful prospect is here! Those trees to the left thrown into shade, and the cottages in the foreground, will make a charming landscape; and how it will please mamma, to see I can draw from nature." "And how delighted she will be with a drawing of mine," interrupted Clara; "I see a beautiful subject—that bridge, and the mill at a distance. Agnes, give us the paper and pencils; Emmiline, do not you come and interrupt us." Emmiline had no such intention. She had begged a bit  
of

of paper, and began to amuse herself by trying to draw one of the herdsmen's huts, which she saw at a little distance.

Henry eagerly set about his view, but found it not quite so easy to accomplish as he at first imagined. It was some time before he could produce any representation of what he wished. At length he exultingly called his sister Clara to come and look at his outline. On her approach, he cried, "I have got it quite right at last; see Clara, how exact I have been. Now I have only to colour it, and then it will be finished." His sister said, she thought he had better do it in Indian ink, as he had not begun to draw in colours, and most likely by attempting it now he might spoil his landscape. "And so you would have me give mamma this charming view only in black and white? It would be very like it, to be sure! Look at the colour of those trees, which the sun shines so bright on; a little gamboge, mixed with lake, is the very tint, and the sap-green for those which are in shade. Do your's in what you please. Recollect, you have not learnt so long as I have,

I have, and I am sure you cannot draw as well as I can." " You know, Henry, mamma is not pleased to hear you speak so often of the perfections of your own performances. I fancy you have forgotten the conversation at the cottage." " It is no business of yours," replied Henry, much offended, " I wish you would leave me, that I might finish my drawing. Say what you will, I am sure it will be better than your's, for you know even your outlines mamma says are not very correct."

Henry found more difficulty in the colouring than he expected. His yellow was too bright, and in endeavouring to soften it, he had given it the appearance of a dirty brown. Vexed at not being able to succeed to his expectations, he put the drawing into his pocket, not permitting even his sisters to look at it, but hurrying them from the delightful spot. Clara had just finished her's, and from not attempting more than she could perform, had succeeded better.

On their return, in a lane leading to the chateau, they were accosted by a poor boy,  
who



who begged of them to buy some little birds which he held up for their observation in a broken cage. "Pray do, my good ladies; my poor father is very ill, and my mother not able to leave her bed." "If this is true," interrupted Agnes, "why do you not work for them, instead of carrying these birds about to sell; by which it is certain, you cannot obtain much towards their support?" "Alas! madam," he replied, "heaven knows how willingly I would work now for them, would any one employ me; but I have been a very undutiful boy to them; I did not like labour, and the farmers and herdsmen, knowing my former indolence, will not now take me into their service; but my dear father, my dear mother, they will die, if I cannot earn something for their support." Emmeline exclaimed "Let us buy these pretty creatures, Agnes; there are six of them, just two a-piece. What do you ask for them, little boy?" "Oh! whatever you please to give me," he replied sobbing. Each immediately produced their purse; but Clara, as she opened her's, recollected the promise

mise of her mamma, to take them that day to a neighbouring fair; at which, the preceding evening, she had given them a little sum to purchase what should please them most.

She hesitated, looked at her brother, then Emmiline, then at the almost naked object before her. "Your father, your mother, are ill," she exclaimed, in a tender accent; "and I have it in my power to do something for them. Why should I deliberate? take this trifle. If it procures them ease, I shall not regret the want of the baubles it was destined to purchase." "But," said Henry, "if we spend all our money, perhaps mamma will not take us to the fair." "Should that be the case," replied Emmiline, "I am sure she will not be displeased with us; and the satisfaction of having done something for these poor people, will afford us pleasure even should we be disappointed. Poor boy! take this (putting into his hand half a crown) and get something with it for your parents." Henry added his share, but with unusual reluctance, having reserved it for the purchase

chase of a new set of ninepins. "I shall not have what I have so long wished for," said he to himself as he gave the money, "but what of that? the reflection of having done a good action will be preferable." The lad, astonished at the sight of what to him was an immense sum, returned thanks on his knees for their bounty.

Emmiline took the cage, and they continued the road to the villa. Agnes, unobserved, stepped back to enquire in what part of the country the wretched family dwelt, in hopes she might have it in her power to be of further service to them, when Madame de St. Claire should be informed of their situation. Emmiline was the first to relate the events of the morning, eagerly running up to madame. "Look, look, mamma, see what pretty birds we have bought!" And in a few minutes the whole adventure was related.

EMMILINE. "Poor boy! Oh! mamma, if you had but seen him—he looked so sad. No shoes or stockings upon his feet, and his coat was all in tatters; then his parents are so ill. If I had had a gui-

nea

near in my pocket, I am sure I should have given it to him. I thought, mamma, if you had been ill, what I should have felt; and *this thought* made me pity him; though you would have every thing that was comfortable, but these poor people have not even necessaries."

MADAME. "You have all pleased me exceedingly by your conduct, my dear children; but do you think this boy entirely deserving of the compassion you have displayed for him?"

HENRY. "You allude to his indolence, mamma, but if you had seen how very sorry he was—."

MADAME DE ST. CLAIRE. "His remorse is doubtless great; for his industry might have saved his parents from the horrors of poverty; and when he reflects on this, his misery must, if possible, be greater than their's, to relieve which he has had recourse to a species of cruelty, a proof of which are these little prisoners,"  
—(looking at the cage.)

EMMILINE. "What, these sweet little birds, that will sing so prettily, and entertain



tain us all the summer? See how they jump about; but this cage is too small for them; will you not let them have a larger, mamma?"

MADAME. "If I approved those pleasures which are purchased at the expence of ease and liberty, I should not hesitate to grant your request; but such can never afford me any delight; these poor little creatures have already suffered enough in being taken from the nest—see how they flutter—they will beat themselves to death in a few hours against those wires; and can you behold their misery, yet wish to prolong it, for the sake of your own gratification, that of their now and then entertaining you with a song, if they should live to grow up?"

CLARA. "They will grow tame in time, will they not, mamma?"

MADAME. "Never; and were it possible to render them so, I hope it is a task which none of you would undertake."

"Those who make a trade of taming birds, use them very barbarously before they can bring them to perform what they wish.

wish. I once heard of a boy who put out the eyes of a linnet to make it sing the better. There is, in my opinion, great cruelty in keeping them even in cages. They were not formed for confinement; see how unhappy they are!"

EMMILINE. (Going to the window and opening the door of the cage.) "Mamma, they shall not be unhappy. The dear prisoners shall be released. I restore them to liberty. Take your flight, my pretty ones, and enjoy again the freshness of the morning breeze. See how they fly! look Clara! look Henry!"

"Good girl!" exclaimed Madame, taking her in her arms, and kissing her.—The children were so occupied with the adventure of the morning, that the fair was entirely forgotten, till their affectionate mother thus renewed the subject: "Is it really true, that you do not wish to go to the fair; or that you have forgot such an entertainment was proposed, to which you so eagerly looked forward a few hours since?"

HENRY. "Indeed, mamma, I have not  
G a wish

a wish now for the ninepins. The money is given away for a much better purpose."

"And I am so happy," said Clara, "since you have taught me, my good mother, to feel for the unfortunate. I do not indeed want the trifles I thought so much of this morning before our walk."

"And has my Emmiline," demanded Madame de St. Claire, "no wish, no desire for any thing at the fair?"

EMMILINE. "Ah! no mamma, I fear they do not sell *shoes* and *stockings* there."

MADAME. "And suppose such are to be bought, you are well supplied with these articles; *you* cannot want them."

EMMILINE. "No, mamma; but the poor little boy we met this morning had not any; his feet must be very sore, walking on the hard roads; I should not like to go barefoot, mamma; it must be very painful. Should Agnes go to the fair, would you permit her to buy him some shoes and stockings? This is all I want, indeed mamma."

MADAME. "Yes, my love, if it will be any addition to your pleasure, you shall pur-

purchase them yourself. I have ordered the carriage. We will all go to the fair; and to reward your benevolent conduct, I will give you as much again to spend as I did at first. Agnes has informed me where the miserable parents of this poor lad reside. Jaqueline and Lémouison shall take a walk with our apothecary, to provide them with every thing that is necessary and comfortable; and if the boy is really disposed to be industrious, I have given orders that he may be employed in the garden."

While the carriage was getting ready, the children exhibited the sketches they had made. Madame de St. Claire was much pleased with Clara's attempt. "And where is yours, Henry?" she demanded. "Oh! mamma," he replied, taking it from his pocket, "you will not be so well satisfied with this. I have spoiled it in the colouring. I thought I could have done it better. I was so vexed when I found it did not go on well, that I could have torn it in pieces. I now wish I had taken Clara's advice, who persuaded me to do it in Indian ink; I will another time, indeed I will, for



I believe I should not do wrong so often, were I always to follow her opinion." "Mamma," interrupted Emmiline, "will you look at my herdsman's hut? There was a fine tree on one side of it, but I could not do it well, though I tried several times; it was the prettiest subject; but I will try again; with a little more patience, I think I could make it out better. But here is the coach, mamma; what stockings shall we buy for the poor boy? worsted I think would be the best, and of some dark colour, as he is so much in the dirt."

The children spent a delightful day. Every thing was new, and consequently had the charm of pleasing. At their return, they had the satisfaction of hearing the poor cottagers were in no danger, and stood more in need of nourishment than of medicine. The wife of Lérmoison, the good Jaqueline, had provided every thing necessary for them, and the boy on their recovery was to be employed at the villa. In the evening, the young people finding themselves too much fatigued with the pleasures of the day to make their usual excursions

excursions into the plantation, Madame de St. Claire read to them the following little drama.

---

C H A P. XIII.

THE BIRD'S NEST;

A Drama, in one act.

---

Persons,

Mrs. BELVILLE,		HENRY,
ELIZA,		LOUISA.



Scene a garden.—*Mrs. Belville sitting in an arbour.—Eliza, Henry, and Louisa, enter as from walking; Henry with a bird's-nest in his hand.*

---

MRS. BELVILLE. Well my dear children, have you had an agreeable walk?

HENRY. Oh! yes, *very* pleasant indeed mamma, and see what we have found.

ELIZA. A bird's-nest mamma.

LOUISA. And three little birds in it, only look at them; did you ever see

such pretty creatures? William says they will sing by and bye, and be so tame, that they will eat out of one's hand; then there's just one for each of us. I am to have *this*, Eliza that, and Henry the other. My brother says he will teach his to sit upon his shoulder while he is at dinner; Eliza's is to perch on the music desk, while she is playing; and I will feed mine with hempseed three or four times a day, to encourage it to eat out of my hand.

MRS. BELVILLE. They are very pretty, indeed; but how came you by this bird's-nest?

HENRY. William, mamma, climbed up into a great high tree—Oh, dear! I cannot tell you how high it was—and took it for us.

MRS. BELVILLE. I am sorry for it; I thought he had possessed more humanity.

HENRY. More humanity! Why I am sure there could be no harm, no cruelty in our taking these pretty little creatures to play with.

MRS. BELVILLE. Should I not think  
it

it cruel, Henry, if any body was to come and steal you and your sister away from me?

HENRY. Certainly, mamma; but that is quite a different thing; you are not a bird.

MRS. BELVILLE. True; but I am a *mother*, and those harmless little creatures have a parent in the hen, whom you have made experience nearly what I should feel if deprived of you. I have often observed to you, my children, that there is no bird, no animal in creation, which has not some share of tenderness for its young. When your little dog gamboled in the yard the other day, you remarked the anxiety of the hen to get her chickens under wing; she was fearful he might hurt them.

ELIZA. Yes; and when the butcher took away the calf this morning, the poor cow moaned and looked so pitiful, I could hardly forbear crying.

MRS. BELVILLE. She was distressed; because she was a mother. You say her moans affected you; how can you then be



insensible to the misery of the poor bird you have plundered?

HENRY. But we saw no old bird. The nest had only these three in it.

MRS. BELVILLE. Perhaps you frightened it away; or might she not have been gone to some distant cornfields, to procure a supper for her young ones? Poor little animal! how great her distress! Bereft of her nest and her children, she searches every spray and neighbouring covert for them in vain, till, overcome with fatigue, her tender wings being no longer able to support the pursuit, her delicate form becomes convulsed, and she expires.

ELIZA. (*Aside to Henry, sighing*) Oh! brother, I wish we had not taken them.

HENRY. But then mamma, we will be so careful of them. We will put them into a nice basket lined with flannel.

MRS. BELVILLE. Will this, my son, the more reconcile her to their loss? How will she be witness of this your attention to them? Beside, it is a chance if all your intended kindness will be able to preserve them.

them. See how tender they are; they are not yet fledged!

LOUISA. Indeed we will nurse them very tenderly. I love them to my heart already. Will you not like them, mamma, when they can sing and hop tamely about you?—(*Mrs. Belville looks very seriously at them.*)—What's the matter my good mamma? You look as if you were not pleased with us.

MRS. BELVILLE. Nor am I, Louisa; you have all been assistants in a species of cruelty which shocks me exceedingly. There cannot be a greater proof of an unfeeling heart, than to give pain to the innocent and inoffensive. I had hoped your tender minds were as yet strangers to the emotions of inhumanity. The mournful chirping of this orphan-brood must have affected the hearts of any less thoughtless and callous than those of my children.

HENRY. We did not take it, mamma; William, whom you sent out with us, got it.

MRS. BELVILLE. In saying this, you can but increase my displeasure, by endeavouring to throw the blame on one who, if he acted wrong, did so at your persuasion; for I imagine William did not get the bird's-nest to please himself.

HENRY. Oh! no; he got it to oblige us, we said we should like to have it; and Eliza told him how she would feed and take care of them.

MRS. BELVILLE. Thus, from your own confession, *you* are alone to blame, not only for committing a crime yourselves, but for leading an ignorant person into error.

LOUISA. You look as if you were going to cry, dear mamma. What makes you so sad?

MRS. BELVILLE. Your late conduct. I tremble lest this detestable disposition should receive strength from increasing years; for the mind that can derive pleasure from inflicting pain on the brute creation, too often remains insensible to the distress of its fellow creatures.

ELIZA

ELIZA. (*Hugging the nest, and looking pitifully at her mamma.*) Look! mamma, how they shake their little wings and tremble; I fear they will die with cold. I will wrap them in my handkerchief, and make a bed for them in this corner of the garden under the hedge, and cover them with moss; shall I? (*Eliza begins forming the bed.*)

MRS. BELVILLE. You may let them remain there till we go in to supper, when I will contrive something more commodious for them—poor little things!

LOUISA. (*Crying and running to her mamma.*) The poor old bird mamma—will it really be so miserable? I wish we had not taken them—had we not better put the nest were William found it?

MRS. BELVILLE. What, and leave them to be starved to death? The restless parent bird has, in all probability, by this time forsook the place; and then what would become of them?

ELIZA. (*Running back.*) Oh! they will do nicely there. Go and see what a charming bed I have made for them!—and



yet I fear it will not be so comfortable as that which their mother would have formed beneath her wings. Poor, unhappy bird! I shall never look at them without being sorry for her. I could not have thought she would have suffered so much. Dear mamma, do not be angry. I am sure, after what you have told us, we shall never wish to partake again in this cruel amusement.

*(Eliza takes her mamma round the neck, and kisses her; during which time a cat enters the garden, and falls upon the nest.)*

*(All the children.)*

Oh! mamma, look! The cat!—the cat!—our poor dear little birds!—”

*(They run to the place, but do not arrive there till the cat is completing her supper with the third.—Eliza returns to the arbour sobbing violently; the rest follow, bearing the fragments of the nest.)*

MRS. BELVILLE. I am in some measure sorry for the fate of your little favourites; yet hope it may be productive of an useful lesson. The distress you feel at their loss, will give you some idea of a  
mother's

mother's sufferings, and I hope prevent your ever again engaging in a similar diversion.

—You are indulged my children, in every innocent and healthful recreation ; but remember, when in sport you injure the helpless, you are lost to the feelings of humanity ; and your little hearts become cruel and insensible.

HENRY. Forgive us, dear mamma, and we will never repeat the cruelty. We are very sorry, indeed we are. Eliza is sobbing ready to break her heart ; and look, little Louisa is crying too.

ELIZA. (*Aside.*) I am very unhappy to have displeased the best of parents.

MRS. BÉLVILLE. If I may trust the appearance of your present behaviour, it speaks a sincere repentance. I am therefore no longer displeased with you. The best atonement that can be made for a fault, is a proper *confession* of it. Be assured, my dears, whatever I say is meant for your benefit. I would see my children happy ; but this I am convinced of, that they cannot be so unless they are good. To endeavour to render them so, is the arduous  
duty

duty of a tender parent : by cautiously guiding the infant heart, and guarding it, by precept and examples of pure morality, from every attack of vice, or the influence of ungovernable passions.

*(A servant enters.)*

SERVANT. Madam, their is a poor infirm old man at the front door, with a beautiful child in his arms ; who begs you will give him a morsel of bread to save it from starving.

MRS. BELVILLE. Order him some refreshment, good Peter, and we will come in presently, and see the dear babe.

*(Henry and Louisa give money to the servant for the poor man.)*

ELIZA *(Feeling in her pocket, says, aside)* Dear, what shall I do ? was ever any thing so unfortunate ! I spent the last sixpence mamma gave me yesterday, in cakes. Foolish girl that I was ! It would have purchased, perhaps, a supper for the child of this distressed traveller. *(Going up to Mrs. Belville.)* I will be very good, indeed I will mamma, if you will let me have that piece of money which my  
uncle

uncle gave you the other day to keep for me.

MRS. BELVILLE. What do you want with it my love?

ELIZA. I want it, I hope, for a good purpose, my good mamma. Now pray, pray do, *dear* mamma, do give it me, I know not what I shall do without it.

MRS. BELVILLE. Tell me, my dear, first, for what it is you want this money?

ELIZA. I would give it, mamma, to the poor man at the door.

SERVANT. And Heaven will bless you, miss, for your charity; he says he has tasted nothing these two days but a drop of water from a shallow rivulet, and is ready to faint with hunger and fatigue.

ELIZA. Do pray, dear mamma, give it me—it might restore him—at least purchase a few comforts for him.

MRS. BELVILLE. (*Kissing and giving her the money.*) Here it is, my love, and a small addition to it. The poor man shall not travel any farther for a supper. Tell him to stop; and see Peter, that  
there



there is a bed made up for him in the hayloft, next to that of the groom.

[Exit servant.]

ELIZA. (*Skipping and dancing about.*)  
Thank you; thank you, dear mamma;  
how happy I am now!

MRS. BELVILLE. I am glad to see  
you fo cheerful, my dears, I fancy, Eliza,  
you have almoft forgot the fate of your  
little favourites.

ELIZA. I have been thinking how  
happy the beggar will be; and with what  
pleafure he will now look on his child,  
whom we have preferved from perifhing.  
I cannot help rejoicing we had the power  
to relieve his diftrefs. But my pretty lit-  
tle linnets, which would have grown up fo  
tame, which would have fung fo sweetly,  
I am ftill very forry for the lofs of them.  
Taking the neft has not made me really  
cruel, has it mamma? I am fure when  
Peter told us that this poor wanderer had  
not had any thing to eat for two days, my  
heart ached more, if poffible, than when  
you reprefented to us the pain we gave the  
poor

poor hen, when we took away her unfledged brood.

Mrs. BELVILLE. Let me embrace you, my good children. May sensations like these never be estranged from your bosom; and when fashion, or the force of pernicious example, would teach you to deviate from the precepts of humanity, or to seek pleasure in the exercise of cruelty, recollect, with the occurrences of this day, an anxious mother's admonitions, and the bird's-nest.

---

#### CHAP. XIV.

THE following morning, Madame de St. Claire proposed to her daughters, that they should make their accustomed visit to the green-house, to receive a lesson of botany before they began the business of the day; as Henry had set out early to make a little excursion on horseback. In their way thither, Emmiline was struck with the beauty of some auriculas, which  
the

the gardener had newly set out upon the grass plat. "What an elegant flower is this!" said she, "I always admire the regularity of its leaves, and the brightness of its colours. Where did it originally come from, mamma?"

MADAME. "The auricula is a native of the alps, though some persons think it is the produce of France."

CLARA. "Do you not reckon those the finest, mamma, whose stems are the strongest, and where the number of bells which rise on that stem are large, and diffused into a graceful cluster?"

MADAME. "We do; and to be perfectly beautiful\*, they should not incline too much towards the earth. The leaves of each should be very smooth, and their colours of a lively glow. The chives should not shrink to the bottom of the vase, but ought to be disposed around its opening in the form of a little sun. The eye which adorns the bottom of each flower-cup, should be exactly rounded, unless

\* Nature displayed.

it happens to be wrought into a perfect star, which is not disagreeable."

EMMILINE. "Mamma, I always forget the name of this flower."

MADAME. "It is the ranunculus."

EMMILINE. "What a pretty flower! I think you once told me, it was brought to us from Tripoli, in Syria, several ages ago."

MADAME. "I did so, my love; but let us walk on to the hot-house, which our occupations would not allow us time to visit yesterday."

They were proceeding, when a servant, almost out of breath, came running up to Madame de St. Claire. "Oh! what is the matter?" she exclaimed, alarmed at the terror his countenance betrayed. "You are wanted within, madam, a slight accident—my young master—his horse has thrown him—but he is not much hurt. I hope your good surgeon is with him—do not be alarmed." Madame de St. Claire was near fainting at this melancholy intelligence, and was supported by Clara and the servant to the apartment where her son lay, apparently,



parently almost lifeless on a sofa. Emmiline was kneeling by him in speechless agony, (for she had run in the instant the servant had mentioned her brother.) When her mother entered, she fell senseless on the floor, and was conveyed by Agnes to another room. The surgeon was tying up Henry's arm, for he had bled him, when Madame, scarce able to support herself, sat down by him. "Do you think, Sir, my dear boy will recover?" "Certainly, madam," he replied, "the bruises he has received may confine him a short time, but I do not apprehend any danger; I would advise his being put immediately to bed, and kept very quiet; and I request no person, except yourself and his nurse, may go near him." Emmiline, who at this moment had re-entered, exclaimed in the most pathetic accents, "Oh! Sir, may I not see my brother? I will be *very quiet*—I will not speak to him, indeed I will not, if it will do him harm, but I *must* be with him. My dear Henry would not leave me were I ill."

For three days that the dear little fellow

was confined, this affectionate sister never left him ; she had her own bed brought to the side of his, and gave him with her own hand whatever he wanted, scarcely suffering any other to approach him. Clara was also very attentive, and shewed the greatest concern at her brother's indisposition. At the expiration of a week, he was able to sit up the whole day, and Clara and Emiline did all in their power to amuse him ; the latter brought into his chamber one evening, her cabinet of shells. " I have thought of a charming entertainment," said the affectionate girl, addressing Madame de St. Claire. " We will look over these curiosities, and you will tell us the names of those we are not acquainted with."

MADAME. " Can either of you give a description of the formation of a shell ?"

HENRY. " I think I have somewhere read, that it is formed by a viscous or glutinous matter which proceeds from the body of the animal."

CLARA. " How beautifully some of them are striped ; what makes them so, I wonder ?"

MADAME.

MADAME. "The streaks or clouds which most shells are beautified with, proceed, it is probable, from the different disposition of the extreme parts of the animal's body, that are visible at the aperture of the shell, where we may frequently discover some minute lobes or lines of flesh that are different from the rest in colour: these we will suppose to contain different juices, which may acquire a particular complexion in that place: many other causes may concur to paint, vein, and diversify the colours with a more or less lively glow."

EMMILINE. "What a number of different shapes there are amongst them, many perfectly unlike each other."

MADAME. "The genera of shells are very numerous, as are also the species of them. However, we may divide them into three series, or orders. The first, which consist of one piece, are called univalves; the second, those composed of two parts, are called bivalves; and the third, composed of several parts, are termed multivalves."

HENRY.

HENRY. "Oh! do tell us, mamma, what this shell is called; it seems to consist of one entire piece, and is beautified with such strong and lively colours; it is like a little boat, only look at it!"

MADAME. "It is called the sailer. You very properly call it a boat, since the fish which inhabits it, makes use of it as such; mounting in it to the surface of the water, in calm weather, it unfurls a membrane to the wind, which serves him instead of a sail, and extends two arms, with which, like two oars, it rows its little bark along. When he has a mind to dive, he strikes the sail, collects himself within his shell, and filling the remaining room with water, without any fear of drowning, sinks to the bottom."

HENRY. "Here is another curious one, mamma; what can it be? see how many points it has!"

CLARA. "I believe, brother, that is the spider shell."

MADAME. "Right, my love; but do not let us overlook this one."

EMMILINE. "Oh! what is it mamma?"

MADAME.



MADAME. "It is the naker or mother-of-pearl shell—and these little things are the pearls within it."

HENRY. "I thought always that pearls were found in the bodies of oysters."

MADAME. "They are sometimes, but those which grow in the body of the animal, seem to be nothing else but a kind of gravel-stone; whereas those which grow to the bottom of the shell, are probably a form of warts or excrescencies, formed at first by a defluxion or running over of that fine juice, with which the fish first forms, and afterwards from time to time enlarges its shell; and as this extravasated liquor continues to distill down on these little globules, covering them with a new coat of matter, the pearl grows proportionably larger."

CLARA. "Here are some beautiful sea weeds too, which I want to know something about. We will sit round this table, and look at them separately."

EMMILINE. "Now mamma, what do you call this sea plant?"

MADAME

MADAME. "It is a part of the ver-wood or grafsweeek; the leaves are of a great length, and it is used to lay upon land to fertilize and improve the foil; the ashes of it are also good to make glafs with."

CLARA. "Here is a different fort."

MADAME. "That is sea-moss; but I am more pleased with the silk sea-weed—there is a beautiful piece of it. The small points which are seen on this kind of weed are so many little shell-fishes, that live on the branches of the plant, to which they adhere.—Here is another kind, which is called the sea-fern; the plants, which are entirely stony, are the coral and the madre-pore; the latter has no bark, the former has. Here is a bit of the madre-pore, it wears the form of a little tree, with its branches studded with several holes."

HENRY. "But, mamma, pray tell us something about coral."

MADAME. "The substance of the coral within, is always of a stony, solid, and hard nature. The bark or rind of the coral has in it a mixture of tartar and

H

glue.

glue. It is a little rough and jagged, but will take a very fine polish. There is also a white coral; but what is called black,\* is a sea plant of a very different nature. Coral always grows with its head downwards, in little caverns at the bottom of the sea, and on the jutting out of rocks."

HENRY. "Mamma, where is coral most frequently found?"

MADAME. "I believe red coral is found in the Mediterranean; on the shores of Provence, from Cape de la Couronne, to that of St. Tropez; about the isles of Majorca and Minorca; on the south of Sicily; on the coasts of Africa, and in the Ethiopic ocean, about Cape Negro."

HENRY. "I have almost forgot, mamma, what you told us about the coral fishery."

MADAME. "I will repeat it then. Seven or eight men go in a boat, commanded by the patron or proprietor, and when the net is thrown by the caster, the rest work

\* Some specimens of black coral are in Sir Ashton Lever's museum,

the vessel, and help to draw the net in. The net is composed of two rafters of wood tied crosswise, with leads fixed to them; to these they fasten a quantity of hemp twisted loosely round, and intermingled with some large netting. This instrument is let down where they think there is coral, and pulled up again when the coral is strongly entangled in the hemp and netting; for this purpose six boats are sometimes required; and if in hawling in, the rope happens to break, the fishermen run the hazard of being lost.—Before the fishers go to sea, they agree for the price of the coral, and engage, on pain of severe punishment, that neither they, nor the crew, shall embezzle *any*, but deliver the whole to the proprietors.”——

It was thus the little family amused themselves for a few weeks, till Henry's health permitted him to revisit his favourite walks, in which he was always accompanied by Emmiline.—“ I never knew” said this charming girl, one day to her mamma, “ how much I loved my brother, till this



accident happened ; how happy I am he is recovered !”—“ Nor can I express” replied Madame de St. Claire “ how much your late conduct has endeared you to me, for it has been, in every instance, superior to your years. Henry, I hope, will ever be sensible of all a sister has done for him, and reward her tender anxiety by being, when death shall deprive her of a mother, the friend and protector of my Emmiline.”

## CHAP. XV.

ABOUT this time Madame de St. Claire and her children, paid the promised visit to Monsieur de Livré, whom they found in perfect health; and rendered, by their benevolence, the happiest of mortals.

The cottage had been repaired, and presented to the eye, in lieu of its former desolate appearance, a neat and commodious dwelling. It was furnished in the simplest style, and de Livré had hired the daughter of a neighbouring peasant to keep it in order.

The garden had been enlarged, with many improvements, and the path cleared from brambles, which led to a pleasant eminence beyond it. This winding walk was now planted with rose trees, jessamine, and the sweetest shrubs. At the top, Monsieur de Livré had erected a rustic edifice, to which, a few days after their arrival, he conducted his good friends. This spot commanded a beautiful view

of the adjacent country. "It is here, my little friends," said he, "that I hope now and then to be favoured with your company; when I constructed this, I looked forward to your promise of visiting me, and wished to make my solitude as agreeable as possible to my worthy benefactors; the clouds this evening seem to foretel an approaching storm, but the first that is more favourable, I hope you will accompany me hither again."

The children, delighted with the proposal, returned their artless thanks, and waited with impatience the following evening, which proved all they could wish for. The air was serene, and not a cloud perceivable, even to the utmost verge of the horizon.

Struck with the beauty of the situation the preceding day, the children begged to drink tea on the mount, that they might have the pleasure of seeing the sun set from thence. Their wishes were cheerfully complied with, and they watched the decline of that glorious luminary, till the refulgency

gency of its rays seemed lost in the smooth waters of the distant lake.

"How odd it is," said Emmiline, "that the sun should set!" "It does not really set," replied Henry, "at the moment we cease to see it, it rises to those inhabitants of the earth who live directly opposite to us. See, it is almost out of sight, and presently it will be quite dark; but, mamma, I do not entirely comprehend the cause of day and night."

MADAME. "Then I will endeavour to explain it to you. You have been informed, that the earth turns upon its axis once every twenty-four hours. It is this motion which causes a succession of day and night; for, as the sun can enlighten only one half of the earth at one time, the other half must be in darkness; and as this motion of the earth will cause the different places on its surface, to revolve through the light and the dark in twenty-four hours, in that time, of course, those places must have a night, and at the instant when it is mid-day at one place, it must be midnight at the opposite: do you understand this?"

H 4

HENRY.



HENRY. "Perfectly, mamma. I now recollect you explained it to us at the time you mentioned the change of the seasons; which we could not enjoy, but for the inclination of the earth's axis twenty-three degrees and a half from its orbit. Yet this axis always keeps the same position, and is directed towards one and the same side of the heavens, moving from west to east, in the time of its turning, three hundred and sixty-five times and a quarter. I think I can also account, mamma, for our not seeing the sun always set at the same point of the horizon. Does it not arise from the difference in the length of our days and nights, and the inclination of the earth's axis?"

MADAME. "You are very right, my son, and I am much pleased with the attention you pay to these subjects."—

The following evening, at an earlier hour, Madame de St. Claire and her children revisited the mount, after several astronomical questions had been discussed. "Can either of my little friends," demanded Monsieur de Livré, "inform me what causes this beautiful

beautiful light we see after the sun is set, till it is dark night."

HENRY. "It is the twilight; but indeed, Sir, I am ignorant what occasions it."

DE LIVRÉ. "This faint light, visible in our atmosphere after sun-set, particularly in the west, and which we call twilight, is occasioned partly by the refraction and reflection of the rays of the sun in our atmosphere. By atmosphere is meant the air we breathe, that which surrounds us on all sides. In this atmosphere the sun's rays are so refracted (that is broken and dispersed) as to afford us that equal light which we call twilight, till the sun has sunk eighteen degrees below the horizon.

The sun has also an atmosphere; his rays, reflected upon this, produce what is called *zodiacal light*, which sometimes appears, but particularly towards evening in spring, and in autumn towards morning. The duration of twilight is generally about two hours. About the first of March, and eleventh of October, our twilights are the shortest; when the sun does not descend eighteen degrees below the horizon,

the twilight lasts all night. This is the reason that, at the time of the summer solstice, we have scarcely any night; and that there is not any in the more northern parts of Europe, though the sun is below the horizon."

EMMILINE. "But of what use is the twilight?"

DE LIVRÉ. "Should you like it to be dark night immediately as the sun is set? If we had no twilight or atmosphere to reflect the sun's rays, this must be the case. Numerous are the advantages we derive from twilight. A sudden change from light to darkness, might be hurtful to our eyes—surprised by sudden night, many travellers would lose their way, and most birds would be in danger of perishing. The wise Author of nature has prevented all these inconveniencies, as by means of twilight we pass gently and gradually from day to night.—But I see we have lost the attention of our little friend to this subject."

Henry's head had been for some moments turned from de Livré, while his eyes  
were

were intently fixed on a singular habitation at the foot of the mountains, which appeared ruinous, and almost uninhabitable. A kind of cave seemed to be attached to it, overgrown with moss and circling ivy. Henry, startled at de Livré's observation, exclaimed, "I wonder if any human being lives, or ever has lived, in that odd-looking house?"—"You mean," said he, "the hermitage of the mountains. It is now the residence of the most worthy—the happiest of mankind. Shall I relate to you his history?"

CLARA. "Oh! do my good friend; you cannot imagine how fond we are of histories."

HEN. "Pray, mamma, let me sit close to de Livré."

EMMILINE. "And I on this side of him."

DE LIVRÉ. "One evening, towards the close of autumn, in one of my excursions, curiosity led me to examine nearer this sequestered dwelling. I was within a few paces of it, when I observed a man enter the cave, who appeared scarcely to



have passed the meridian of life; his countenance, though clouded with melancholy, was expressive; he had a loose dress of a russet colour, fastened with a girdle round the waist, his hair parted at the forehead, and waved in natural ringlets on his shoulders. He either appeared ignorant of the fashions or customs of the world, or to despise them. I saw him retire to a remote corner of the cave—he kneeled down—it was the hour of devotion; I waited till it was ended; he arose, and I saw him enter another part of the dwelling; every feature seemed re-animated with hope, as if religion had lightened the pressure of calamity.—The rolling of the distant thunder threatened an approaching storm. As I passed the avenue which led to his abode, the rain began to fall in torrents. At the noise of footsteps, he returned to the entrance of it, and welcomed me to the shelter his habitation afforded. After a simple repast, and much familiar conversation, by which we seemed mutually pleased with each other, he gave me the following account of himself:

‘What

‘What you have seen this evening, has undoubtedly occasioned you some surprise.—It is true, in me you behold a man of solitude, yet perhaps not what the world generally terms a *recluse*. I live not for myself alone, my misfortunes have not deprived me of a competency, which I share with the indigent, the sick, and the traveller. My name is Montfort, I am the only son of a respectable family; the earlier years of my life were spent at a public seminary in England, in the south of which my parents settled when I was about six years old. My father had acquired his fortune in the Indies, and with it a turn for unbounded extravagance, which the prudence of my mother in vain endeavoured to restrain.

‘Four months of the year were regularly spent in the metropolis.—I saw my parents at the vacations, but the succession of company and amusements in which they lived, scarcely ever permitted me to enjoy their society alone. The hours of their absence abroad I passed with Laura, an amiable young girl, who had been committed to  
their

their protection from her infancy, by an unfortunate parent in her last moments ; the friend of my mother's earliest attachment ; who had left England with the hope of meeting an husband, from whom she had long been separated. Alas ! he died ten days only before her arrival ; at a period when it was imagined the highest honours and promotion would have succeeded his military exertions. My mother, her only surviving friend, took charge of her infant daughter, then a few months younger than myself. We grew up together, and she beheld with pleasure our mutual affection, which every vacation spent in each other's society seemed to increase. At seventeen I left Eton, and was introduced to that gay world, for an indifference to the pleasures of which, my father blamed my want of taste.—I was fond of books, of well informed society ; but cards and the gaming table were my aversion. The disposition of Laura resembled my own ; she accompanied my mother it is true, but received little satisfaction from the crowded assemblies they so often frequented. She would sometimes

sometimes make excuses to be left at home, that she might spend a few hours in my father's library, which consisted of the best authors, with which I fear *he* was no farther acquainted than the title pages.

‘About two years after my return from Eton, I asked his consent to my marriage with Laura, nor did I imagine he could form one objection. Judge of my astonishment at the following answer—“Rash boy, whither has your romantic passion led you? Would you introduce a beggar to your family? a girl who, from her infancy, has been indebted to your parents for a *home*—a friendless, unprotected orphan, whose pecuniary situation you cannot be ignorant of; so trifling is the portion her father's imprudence has left her in possession of, that it has been scarcely sufficient to defray the expences of her education. She is handsome—she is accomplished—but she is *poor*; you must therefore cease to think of her. I have higher views for you; my friend, Sir Charles Lovegain, has been proposing an alliance between the families. You have seen his daughter in public, and  
cannot



cannot be insensible to her superior merit. Report has spoken largely of her fortune.” —I was going to interrupt my father, when he thus silenced me.—“I can hear no objections, my son ; on this alliance rests all my future hopes. I have a debt of honour with Sir Charles, that can only be cancelled by *this union*. I am on the brink of ruin, and it is alone in *your* power, by obedience in this instance, to save me ; to save your mother also from *dishonour* ; for my imprudence and love of deep play has involved her in its fatal consequences.”

‘ My father’s agitation became too great to admit of farther conversation. After having intreated him to grant me a few days to consider of his proposals, I retired to my apartment, in an agony of mind beyond description. My mother’s health had been long indifferent, and the shock of our final ruin, I knew would be more than she could support. She had ever been to me the most indulgent of parents, *her* approbation had sanctioned my early attachment, and I was now called upon to sacrifice that attachment for her preservation.—Over-

come

come with conflicting emotions, unable to decide in what manner I ought to act, I was roused by a gentle tap at the door of the apartment.—I opened it—imagine my surprise—to see *Laura*. “Pardon this intrusion,” exclaimed the amiable girl, “allow me a few minute’s attention; I was in the room adjoining your father’s study, waiting for the ringing of your mother’s bell; hearing voices so near, I would have withdrawn, but could not without disturbing her, by passing her chamber, or the apartment in which you were. Thus situated, I could not avoid overhearing your conversation. I come now to enforce the injunctions of your father.—Yes, Edward, we must part—our duty requires it.—I will no longer be an obstacle to his wishes. Accept the daughter of Sir Charles, and retrieve a father’s honour.—A friend of your mother’s is shortly expected to return to India, with her I will go as a companion; a desire of revisiting that country, where I lost the best of parents, will be some excuse for my sudden departure.” —“Encourage not the thought,” I exclaimed,

claimed, "I never can become the son of Sir Charles, the husband of——" "Oh! Edward," interrupted this amiable woman, "where is that filial piety which shone so conspicuously in every action of your earlier youth? The sacrifice required, will prevent a parent's ruin! Can you hesitate—'Tis Laura who entreats you, to save a mother also from impending misery. The consciousness of having performed our duty, will produce a satisfaction which will in some measure recompense us for the loss of happiness."—"My friend then informed me," continued de Livré, "that in about two months after Laura's departure, he accepted the daughter of Sir Charles. His father too late became sensible of the sacrifice he had made for his sake; the agony of his mind brought on a fever, which soon terminated his existence, a few days only after the death of his mother. His wife, with a constitution too delicate to support the fatigues of fashionable life, and with a disposition too volatile to relinquish its pleasures, survived them

them only a few years.'—'At the end of a twelvemonth,' resumed Montfort, 'I went to India, in the hope of meeting with my Laura, but my search was fruitless; I learnt that the lady with whom she had left England, had been dead more than two years. I prepared for my return by the first ship appointed to leave the port. On my arrival, I again took up my residence in Devonshire, when travel seemed to offer a pursuit to my unsettled mind. I sold my estate, visited France, Germany, and Italy; on my return, struck with the beauty of this romantic solitude, I resolved to end the remainder of my days among the mountains of Switzerland.—I have lost all that could make a residence in the busy world desirable, yet there are times when I can reason myself into something like happiness, in the hours of my devotions, or when I share my little portion with the hungry, and feel that I have still the power left me of dispensing comfort to the wretched.'——'What a good man your friend is,'" interrupted Emmiline; "yet I feel a little disappointed—I thought you spoke of him, before



before you began his history, as if he was now *very happy*."

DE LIVRÉ. "I did so, and not unjustly, as you will see by the conclusion of it.

"About six weeks since I went to visit him, he met me at the gate, his countenance was animated with unusual cheerfulness, he caught my hand with transport: 'My friend,' said he, 'how wonderful are the operations of that Providence, which ordereth *all* for the BEST.—My Laura lives—she is *HERE*—she shall give you welcome.'—He then hastened to inform me, that going as usual one day to the next town for provisions, he saw a carriage overturn, in a narrow road, bounded on either side by a deep and extensive precipice. Two ladies were in it; he flew to their assistance, one of them had fainted, with whom he hastened to a neighbouring brook; when, throwing aside her veil, he discovered the features of his Laura, who, at the time the accident happened, was on a journey to the south of France, with a lady who was going thither to meet her husband. You will imagine her surprise on her

her recovery, to find herself in the arms of Montfort; she said that she had left India on the death of her friend, in the hope that his mother might be still living; but hearing, on her arrival in England, this worthy woman was no more; friendless, and unprotected, she had engaged herself as governess to the infant family of the lady her fellow traveller.—You will readily guess the sequel of this interesting story—the following morning I was called upon to give the hand of Laura to the deserving Montfort. If agreeable we will visit them in some of our morning rambles, you will be pleased with their society, and the singularity of that dwelling, which, while it wears the appearance of ruin, contains within every comfort and convenience; improved by the industry and taste of its respectable inhabitants. Now, master Henry, let us hear what you have learned from this history?”

HENRY. “I think it seems to imply, that we should never distrust the goodness of Providence. Had Montfort neglected his devotions, and suffered his afflictions

fictions to have rendered him callous to the miseries of others, in all probability he would not have experienced a return of happiness; but he was *good*."

DE LIVRÉ. "He was so, and felicity is generally the reward of virtue. It is now time to break off our conversation, at least in this spot, the air is cool, and it will be prudent to return."

---

#### C H A P. XVI.

AT their return to the cottage, madame de St. Claire was surprised to see, standing before the gate, seven or eight poor villagers, whose dress and countenance bespoke want and misery. The young peasant, servant to de Livré, was portioning to each an equal share of milk and vegetables. "These are some of my good neighbours," said the old man, "whom I have sought out as proper objects on whom to bestow the surplus of your bounty to me, dear madam; I believe they are truly deserving

I visit

I visit them sometimes, and have seen nothing as yet, in their conduct or families, to alter my opinion; and ah! madam, if the happiness you have restored to me can be increased, it is in those moments when I receive their blessing. They come up every evening, and we contrive always to have some little provision for them. The vegetables are all the produce of my grandson's garden, the labour of his leisure hours; and I believe, were the question put to him, he could not determine which he has the most pleasure in, rearing them for me, or them. I instruct their children, as often as they will send them to me, in which task Joseph also assists me; and I find him always a gainer by their lessons. Thus I endeavour to make myself useful in that station in which it has pleased Providence to place me."

—"Worthy man!" exclaimed madame, "how well do you deserve the gifts of fortune! You must introduce me to some of your neighbours to-morrow."—The children begged they might be permitted to accompany them. They arose at five in the morning, although the excursions were  
not



not to commence till evening, to get their lessons and write their exercises, and when madame came down to breakfast, they were all ready to repeat them. It was the morning on which they wrote English themes, and Henry presented the following

• ON APPLICATION.

“ Application may be regarded as the basis of all that is great and commendable; without it, we could never accomplish any thing that is truly praise-worthy. To what can we attribute the perfection of all science with more propriety, than to this endowment, if we may so term it; but for *this* the greatest abilities would be left to perish in the rust of ignorance; and minds, that by application might have attained to excellence, content themselves in the beaten track of mediocrity. But for the attention of the student, the master’s care would be unavailing. Without application it would be impossible to attain perfection in any of our pursuits, and it is this which gives the

• This, and the following, were written by two young friends of the author’s.

poli

polish of perfection to all our accomplishments. It is application which has perfected the painter's art, the musician's skill, and given grace and elegance to the chisel of the sculptor. To youth, it is a most essential quality; a virtue which smooths the difficulty of learning, and gives improvement its brightest lustre; without it, we should be ignorant of the extent of countries, their limits, or their commerce; and our knowledge of the sciences would be but superficial. The powers of the compass had perhaps been unknown to the mariner, had not man applied himself to the study of navigation; he now beholds riches and flourishing commerce, the effect of his researches, and finds in them the recompense of an early application."

Madame de St. Claire had no sooner expressed her approbation of this, than Clara put into her hand the following, upon

#### INDUSTRY.

"To industry may be attributed some of the chief conveniencies of life, and  
 I many

many of its blessings. The humble cottager shares the homely meal with transport, the production of his daily labour, and needs no savoury viands ; while health and appetite give relish to the simplest fare. Were it not for industry, we should derive few advantages from the productions of nature. Were the husbandman found too indolent to sow the seed, we should be deprived of life's chief support ; and did not industry wield the sickle, the full ear would perish neglected on its stem. It is this virtue which must give perfection to all our pursuits, and excellence to every attainment. What advantage do we derive from abilities, that the mind has not sufficient vigour or industry to exert ? they serve only to degrade the character, which, by industry and application, would have risen to eminence. The bee and the ant present continually to the youthful an instructive lesson ; those who can behold the rural scene without deriving improvement, must indeed be void of sensibility : may we never contemplate it, without imitating, in our various undertakings

an example that enforces so strongly the virtue of industry."

As a reward to the young people, Madame de St. Claire agreed to an earlier excursion in the evening than had been at first proposed, which proving a very fine one, they preferred walking. Monsieur de Livré was delighted with their observations by the way, and not less so with their behaviour in every cottage they entered. Each added something to what their good mother gave the poor inhabitants. They had proceeded part of their way back to the habitation of de Livré, when they distinguished the sounds of voices, and finding they issued from a dwelling to the left, resolved thither to direct their steps. They were welcomed by an old woman, whom de Livré had formerly visited. "You seem very joyful this evening, dame," said she. "Oh! Sir, we have reason; let me present to you my boy, my *dear boy*. Our son whom we thought dead, this morning arrived from the West Indies. It was joy enough to see him well; but he says we



shall have no need to work any longer ; his services and valour in a late engagement, are rewarded with a pension for life." "I rejoice, young man," said de Livré, "at your happy fortune, and more that you have the goodness of heart to share it with those who merit all your attention, and over whose declining years, your filial piety will throw the sun-shine of renovated felicity." "Oh ! Sir," exclaimed the enraptured father, "he was always a dutiful child, so attentive to us in all our troubles and our sicknesses, and now Heaven has rewarded him ; but, good Sir, will you not take some refreshment with us ? you who have so often visited, and consoled us, by your pious conversation, when we thought this our dear son was no more ; do not refuse now to share our joy at his return."

"No my friends, believe me I participate in all your transports ; and, if agreeable to Madame de St. Claire, we will pass an hour or two with you." This amiable woman bowed assent ; but in the midst of the universal joy which prevailed throughout the happy party, de Livré could not help

help observing a dejection which from time to time stole over the sailor's countenance, and a sigh which now and then burst from his bosom, notwithstanding all his efforts to suppress it. The good man, taking him by the hand, thus tenderly addressed him. "The pleasures of the present moment, I fear, my friend, are not so perfect as we could wish them; can I any way contribute to your felicity? Speak—tell me what I can do." "Oh! Sir," replied the young man, "this goodness is too much. You knew me before I went abroad; you were informed of my attachment to Louisa, and my father's displeasure at it, because she was poor. Six years absence has not lessened my affection; I am now rich, and able to support her as she deserves. Would you, Sir, take upon you to intercede with my father. But, perhaps, thinking me dead, she is married to another, and should I obtain *his* consent, she never can be mine."

"Be not uneasy," replied de Livré, "she is not married, I saw her a few days since. I will speak to your father. You will not refuse me any favour to-day, good Dupont;

I am going to fetch Louisa, and you must give the young people your blessing."

"With all my heart," replied the cottager, "I had always an affection for the girl, but we could scarcely support ourselves; it would have been cruel to have suffered her to become a sharer in our poverty. Besides, we knew that since her poor father's death, she had experienced but too much of it at home." De Livré then went out to fetch Louisa, who lived within a few doors of the cottage, but it was agreed that young Dupont should conceal himself in an adjoining apartment, lest the surprise should be more than she could support. In a few minutes he returned with his fair charge. "You must partake the general joy of this humble dwelling," he exclaimed, addressing her, "our good friend Dupont has received some agreeable news to-day. His son, whom he supposed no more, has been heard of; he was well a few weeks since." "Oh! does he live then?" feebly exclaimed Louisa, half fainting in the arms of Madame de St. Claire. "No—no—he does not live for me." Then, as if  
ashamed

ashamed of the emotion she had involuntarily betrayed, she made an effort to disengage herself. "Permit me, Madam, to retire; my mind has been a little deranged of late, I know not sometimes what I say." "You must not leave us," said this amiable woman, "I have heard your story; in our walks the other day, we saw you at a distance; I enquired of Monsieur de Livré who you were, and from him received the melancholy account of your sorrows, which now are at an end. Dupont is returned; he is *your's*, we have received for him a parent's approbation of his choice." Dupont, no longer able to contain his transports, rushed from the inner room, exclaiming—"He lives, indeed, and lives for *you*, Louisa!"

"Ah! Dupont," cried the affectionate girl, bursting into tears, "I have mourned long for you. The miserable days and nights that I have passed!—and when I heard that you were dead, a fever seized my brain; my mind I fear is hurt, but all will now be well; I will forget it—'tis past—I will throw off this sable dress, and



will once more welcome HAPPINESS. I thought of late it was a phantom—but, no no—I was mistaken—it is *Dupont*.”

“Poor girl,” whispered Madame de St. Claire, “this scene is almost too much for her reason, disordered as it has been by a series of misfortunes. I think you told me, Monsieur de Livré, her parents were once people of high rank.”

DE LIVRÉ. “I did so, madam; her father lost all his property in the American war, and fled to Switzerland almost penniless, where he supported this reverse of fortune for two years; and, at his death, left a widow and this charming daughter, to struggle with all the hardships of penury and labour.”

After partaking of a frugal repast, de Livré and Madame de St. Claire took leave of the happy cottagers.

---

## C H A P. XVII.

To vary their pleasures as they returned, de Livré proposed conducting them to his habitation.

habitation by a road they had never passed, and which commanded many beautiful views, now rendered more striking by the varied tints of an autumnal evening, and the yellow beams of the setting sun, which poured their fading radiance on the summits of the distant mountains, and were lost in the falling waters of the cataracts below.

The children dwelt with rapture on the beauty of the picturesque scenery around them; Emmiline was particularly struck with these lofty summits, whose tops seemed to reach the clouds. "Yet these," she exclaimed, "cannot be so high as some that I have read of; the Peak of Teneriff is visible forty leagues off. The Felices of Norway, or the Alps of the North, are visible at sea fifty leagues distant, and are said to be three thousand fathoms high. I have been thinking of what use mountains are. It surely would be better if the earth were every where even; they make travelling very inconvenient, and we could command a more extensive prospect, were it not for them. For instance, we see not

the country to the right, for there the clouds seem almost to make a part of them; the top of one is entirely concealed."

DE LIVRÉ. "Can you inform us, Henry, from whence the springs flow."

HENRY. "From mountains I have heard. What a stupid girl was Emmiline to ask the use of them."

DE LIVRÉ. "Come, be not so hasty in censuring my young friend. Tell me what it is that produces the springs you speak of?"

Henry looked confused, and knew not what to answer. "I think the young gentleman is a little at a loss, as well as the young lady, which in him is the less excusable. Springs\* are produced either by heavy snows, or the clouds which those heights are always covered with; and it is that which keeps up the course of great and small rivers. I need not mention to you the utility of these. Besides the advantages of springs and fountains, for which we are indebted to mountains, they have many others. Several kind of animals,

\* Sturm's Reflections.

whose flesh or skins are serviceable to us, find there a dwelling; and it is the mountains that afford them sustenance without our labour. On the sides of mountains, are found an infinite number of salutary herbs and roots, which cannot be cultivated with equal success in the plains, or have not the same virtues; minerals and metals are formed in the bowels of mountains, which would not propagate so well in low and level countries, for want of necessary moisture. By these we are sheltered from the bleak blasts of the northern and easterly winds, and it is on them the most exquisite vines are fostered. Though some inconveniencies may arise from them, these ought not to make us overlook the various blessings they afford us. Were there no mountains, there would be no rivers, no springs, no lakes, and the sea itself would become a stagnated marsh. Would you rather be deprived of these, Emmiline, or bear with the few inconveniencies produced by the mountains?"

EMMILINE. "Oh! Sir, I shall never again behold a mountain, without enumerating



rating the advantages we derive from it: And I now perceive, that in creation there is not any thing useless; every part demonstrates the power and wisdom of that Being, who formed the perfect whole."

The sun had been long sunk below the horizon, before they reached the direct road to de Livré's abode; and from the adjacent meadows, a thick dew began to arise. "Look, mamma," said Clara, "what thick fog is coming over those fields; it was not so just now; where does it come from?"

DE LIVRÉ. "What you suppose to be fog, is the rising dew."

EMMILINE. "And what makes the dew? Whence does it proceed? This grass is also quite wet with it."

DE LIVRÉ. "Dew is nothing more than the sweat of the plants, and the moisture they draw from the earth. It is easy to conceive how it is formed. The heat of the sun's rays, continually loosens a multitude of thin particles from off every thing; some of these rise into the atmosphere

sphere, and the rest collect in the form of drops of water. Thus it is, that the dew is sometimes hurtful and sometimes not ; its nature depending on the quality of the vapours which compose it. The lighter exhalations are carried away by the wind as soon as formed, which prevents them from falling in drops. This is the reason, that when the air is calm, as it is this evening, there is most dew."

CLARA. "I love a calm evening, but I hate windy weather ; I think it would be much pleasanter if there were no winds."

DE LIVRÉ. "You now speak without thought, my dear. Innumerable are the benefits we derive from the winds \* after long-continued seasons of sultry heat ; the sea oftentimes very opportunely sends a west wind, which gives a seasonable refreshment to all nature ; but as a continuance of this moist wind would prove prejudicial to the inhabitants and fruits of the earth, it is generally ordered by the course of nature, that it should be driven back by an east

\* Nature Displayed.

wind,

wind, which brings us fair and dry weather. Over what countries must this wind blow, master Henry ?”

HENRY. “ I should think, Sir, it would wing its way along the continent from Asia to Europe.”

DE LIVRÉ. “ Right, my dear. The north-wind comes armed with millions of frozen particles of air, to precipitate, disperse, or condense, the malignant and unwholesome vapours of autumn ; lastly, the sharp edge of the north-wind is taken off by that genial warmth, which the south-wind diffuses through the air, kindling fresh life and vigour in every part of nature. These perpetual vicissitudes serve to vary the dispositions and productions of the earth ; they correct or prevent those ill consequences which would result from one fixed and permanent state of things, and purify the air by keeping it in constant motion. Without the assistance of winds, we should be poisoned in our houses, and Paris and London would, in a little time, be no better than two great sinks of corruption.”

CLARA.

CLARA. "Thank you, Sir, for pointing out to me these advantages. I had rather that my bonnet should blow off six times in a minute, than be deprived of the winds, whatever inconveniencies I may experience from them."

HENRY. "I wonder, Clara, you do not accustom yourself to reflect before you speak; you make yourself appear very ignorant, by wishing there were no winds."

MADAME. "Are you *always* wise enough, Henry, to reflect before you speak? If you *were*, I think it would prevent those fallies of ill-nature, which too often escape you on the conduct of those whom you otherwise esteem."

Henry looked ashamed, and walked silently on, till they arrived at the solitary abode. The villagers had received their daily allowance, and the little peasant had prepared the rural supper, which consisted of all the finest produce of the garden, and a brace of partridges, which the grandson of de Livré had shot in the morning. As a recompense for their good behaviour, the children were that night permitted to sit up  
an



an hour longer than usual, and to partake of what the table afforded. Each ate of the partridges except Emmiline. "Why do you refuse, my love?" said her mother, as it was offered her. "Because, mamma, I saw some little birds in the orchard this morning, and I fear these are the same: Joseph said he would shoot them. Poor things! when I think how cheerfully they ran before me, apparently so happy, (for I did not go near enough to frighten them) I cannot relish them—indeed I cannot."

DE LIVRÉ. "You think, then, it was cruel of my boy to shoot them."

EMMILINE. "And was it not? mamma said it was cruel to take a bird's-nest, in which there were young ones."

DE LIVRÉ. "It is so, my dear; it is cruel to torture any thing unnecessarily, especially for our pleasures; but these are among the race of animals allotted for our subsistence; it is therefore not cruel to kill them for our use, provided we take the least painful and expeditious means to accomplish it. You will now eat a bit, will you not?"

Emmiline

Emmiline at length consented; and cheerfulness and good humour prevailed throughout the happy party.

---

CHAP. XVIII.

THE next morning, it raining very hard, the children could not make their accustomed excursions; and Clara was exceedingly out of humour. "How provoking, mamma!" she exclaimed, after the first salutations of the morning; "we shall be confined all day, and there is no instrument here, for one to pass away a little time with music."

HENRY. "What, sister, do you forget your harp?"

CLARA. "I did not think of it just then, but you know the piano is my favourite; I have found so much difficulty with the harp, that I cannot touch it with any pleasure. I wish we were at the villa, were it not for losing de Livré's company."

HENRY. "And if you were at the villa,  
you

you would wish yourself again at Paris; how often have you done so, Clara!"

MADAME. "You acknowledge you should regret the loss of de Livré's company; cannot his society then make one day pass agreeably? I am extremely sorry, Clara, that you are of such a discontented disposition. However happy we may be, it is impossible to have always **ALL** our wishes accomplished; but it is the height of folly to fret or make ourselves uneasy, because the weather prevents our enjoying those pleasures abroad, which perhaps we had set our minds upon. I am ashamed to see you out of humour for such a trifle. Had you not given me cause to be displeased with you, I believe I could have found some subject of entertainment for you all, notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the weather."

HENRY. "Oh! do not, mamma, let us be deprived of it on account of Clara's ill-humour."

EMMILINE. "Forgive my sister, mamma, and tell us some pretty story." (Taking Clara by the hand, and leading her towards

towards Madame de St. Claire). Be friends with her, dear mamma; she is very sorry for having offended you."

MADAME. "Clara, I am concerned to observe, has a fretfulness of disposition, which, if not corrected, will be a continual source of uneasiness to herself, and will increase as she grows older. When every thing meets her wishes, she is agreeable and good-humoured; but her temper cannot bear disappointment, or the least opposition to her will. The merest trifles discompose her, as the present moment may evince. You see her sullen and in tears, because she cannot go out. The rain prevents this, and she can turn her thoughts to no other resource to fill up her time; though the education she has received, might afford her many. It is not only herself that she renders uncomfortable by these humours, but others who have the misfortune to be in her company. For instance, when Monsieur de Livré returns from his walk, will he not conclude that she is tired of the visit, and dissatisfied, although he has done so much  
to



to make it agreeable to us all. Indeed, this behaviour must have to him the appearance of disrespect and ingratitude."

CLARA. (Throwing her arms around her mother's neck.) "Oh! mamma, I would not for the world HE should think thus of me—I will not give way to ill-humour, indeed I will not."

Madame tenderly embraced her, and, in a few minutes, cheerfulness and satisfaction were restored throughout the little family; to whom, after the business of the day should be performed, she promised a species of amusement entirely new.

Clara, anxious to regain her mother's good opinion, was very assiduous in learning her lessons; and, indeed, her brother and sister were not less attentive. When the occupations of the morning were finished, Madame de St. Claire produced a small box. "Oh! mamma," exclaimed Emmiline, skipping up to her, "what have you there?"

MADAME. "This is called a microscope; that is, a glass by which we view objects scarcely perceivable to the naked

eye

eye; insects, or the different parts of plants. Magnified in this, they present to us a thousand wonders, a thousand beauties. Before we left the château, there being no instrument here, I thought this might prove a source of entertainment for a wet day; and indeed I know of none more pleasing. Tell me what you see, Henry, in this glass?"

HENRY. (After having looked at it.) "Dear mamma, what can this be? Such a number of beautiful feathers! It must surely be the wing of some beautiful little bird. Look, Clara! look, Emmiline! what a variety of colours!"

MADAME. "What you imagine the wing of a bird, is no other than that of a butterfly."

EMMILINE. "Of a butterfly! But, mamma, a butterfly has not feathers. Here is a dead one, which we picked up in the garden yesterday, I see no feathers, its wings are covered with a fine dust."

MADAME. "And it is that dust or powder, which is a cluster of small feathers \*;

\* Nature Displayed.

they

they have the form of a quill at one end, and at the other are adorned with fringe. The extremity of one covers the beginning of another. See in what order they are arranged; but let us wipe off the powder. The wing that remains, is only a fine transparent film, where you may see the sockets in which the quill of each feather was sunk. Here is upon this glass the wing of a butterfly, with the feathers rubbed off; in the microscope you may see every socket distinctly."

HENRY. "How beautiful! how wonderful! mamma; but what is this upon the same glass?"

MADAME. "It is the trunk of a bee. With the assistance of this, the bee can collect more honey in a day, than an hundred chemists could extract in an hundred years. This trunk is formed long and taper, as well as pliant and flexible, that the insect may be enabled to probe it to the bottom of flowers, through all the impediments of their foliage; but as it would be incommodious to have this trunk always extended, it is composed of two parts

§

connected

connected by a joint or spring, so as to be contracted or folded up at pleasure; and it is fortified from all injuries by four scales, two of which closely sheath it, and the two others encompass the whole."

HENRY. "How smooth, how even, are all the parts of it; how superior to the nicest piece of mechanism that the ingenuity of man could produce! Here is the whole head of a bee. I see the jaws, and the socket of the trunk, and the former look like faws. What can be the use of them?"

MADAME. "They serve them instead of hands; with these they hold and knead the wax, and throw away every thing that incommodes them. But here is something which has escaped your observation. Look at these three apparent little darts, and tell me what you think of them."

CLARA. "How beautiful! mamma; the middle one looks like a fine polished needle. Is not this the sting?"

MADAME. "It is, and consists of three parts, the sheath and two darts; the sheath tapers into a very fine point; the darts are  
launched



launched through an aperture, and are planted with small sharp points ; the scabbard is likewise finely pointed, and makes the first penetration, which is succeeded by the injection of the darts and poisonous liquor. The liquor infused into the wound, causes a fermentation, attended with a swelling, which continues several days, but may immediately be prevented by pulling out the sting."

Madame de St. Claire then shewed them several other insects, and desired Agnes would fetch a glass of vinegar, in which, she asked them if they observed any thing ?

"No, mamma," replied Henry, "there is no bee, no insect *here*, I am sure."

MADAME. "To be certain of this, let us view it in the microscope. (They look at it.) Now tell me what you see."

CLARA. "Oh ! mamma, an innumerable quantity of little things like eels ; I could not have supposed there had been any living thing in this liquor."

MADAME. "There are insects even in a drop of water ; all nature is full of life, and

and how pleasing it is to contemplate the wonders it presents to us! Its treasures and its beauties are alike inexhaustible, and the study of them can never tire us. Such is the variety throughout creation, that not two blades of grass can be found, which exactly resemble each other. Does it rain, Clara?"

CLARA. "Indeed, mamma, I do not know; I have not thought of the weather since your produced your microscope, nor do I wish it to be fair, so entertaining is what you have shewn us."

EMMILINE. (Observing Madame de St. Claire putting up the microscope). "But, mamma, shall we not see any more curious things to-day?"

MADAME. "No, my love; if we would enjoy our pleasures, we should be frugal of them. Were we to devote more time to-day to this amusement, its charm of pleasing might be diminished; at another time we shall be glad of its assistance to pass a few hours agreeably at home. Besides, the weather is now clearing up, and as Henry has not had any exercise to-day, I

K

could

could wish him to take a walk with Joseph, who is going to the village to get something for Monsieur de Livré."

CLARA and EMMILINE. "May we not go too, mamma?"

MADAME. "No, it is too damp for you to walk so far; we will amuse ourselves with our good friend in the garden till their return."

---

## CHAP. XIX.

HENRY and JOSEPH set out on their little excursion. They had not proceeded more than a mile and a half, before, on the top of a hill, they met a young waggoner, who stopped to rest his horses. "Are you not very tired?" said Henry to him; "it has been a sad wet day for you, and you seem to have walked a long way." "Only twenty miles, Sir; that is not so very far; but the roads are dirty, which helps to tire one."

HENRY. "But why do you walk at all

at the side of a waggon? If I were you, I would chuse some other employment."

Boy. "And what could I fix on better? My master pays me regularly, I am strong and hearty, and he is always satisfied with my diligence. It is true, I am a little fatigued sometimes in the hot days of summer; but in the evening, when I receive my wages, and purchase with them necessaries for my poor mother, I no longer feel tired; I make her a fire, fetch her milk, and boil it; and then I think not of the miles I have travelled on foot, but what I do to make her comfortable."

JOSEPH. "But is not your mother able to do these things for herself?"

Boy. "Alas! no. She had a terrible fall in the hard frost last winter, and has been so lame ever since, as scarcely to be able to move from her chair. My little sister is very good; she does what she can for her; but she is only seven years old, and mother will not trust her to make a fire. But, young gentlemen, my horses are rested, and we must be getting homewards."



HENRY. "How far have you to go?"

BOY. "Only two miles, and then we are at home. Do you see a little spire in yonder valley? My master's house is very near it, and about half a mile to the left is mother's cottage."

JOSEPH. "You have then no father?"

BOY. "Ah! no, Sir; he died when I was very young; he was an honest industrious man; mother tells me every day how hard he used to work to support us. I wish I had known more of him; I remember as I used to sit upon my little stool beside him, when he returned in the evening from the fields, and we made a circle around the cheerful hearth, that he would take my hand between his, bidding me be a good boy, and then I should never want a friend."

HENRY. "That I am sure you will not, if you are as good as you appear to be. I wish we could go a little way with you, but unfortunately our business lies quite the contrary. Accept this trifle." (Offering him money.)

JOSEPH. "And this, to get you some refreshment,

freshment, and purchase something for your mother."

Boy. "Excuse me, Sir; indeed I cannot accept your generous present. My mother knows exactly how much I receive of my master, and were I to bring home more, she would think I came unjustly by it; she is *so good*, so HONEST!"

HENRY. "But if you say *we* gave it you?"

Boy. "I fear she would doubt my word. I have travelled the same road daily more than two years, and never till this evening met with any one who thought me worth notice. I remember one day, more than a twelvemonth ago it is, as I was leading my horses down this hill in a very frosty season, being overtaken by two gentlemen in a curricie; I endeavoured to turn out of the way a little for them, for they were driving at a furious rate, when my foot slipped, and I fell upon a large piece of ice. Unable to rise for some minutes, being stunned with the fall, they swore dreadfully at me, whipt the horses, and set them off

full speed, leaving me in that senseless situation."

HENRY. "I wish we had been here, you should not have laid so long. But if we *bring* the money to your house, and there give it you before your mother?"

BOY. "Indeed you are too good to think of such a poor boy. But if you are determined to seek out our lonely hut, you must give *to her* that bounty you intended for me; I have health, and can bear fatigue; but I often think *she* stands in need of more than I can earn by my hardest labour, and the charity, for which I thank you, would be well bestowed."

Saying this, the lad wished them a good night, and proceeded to the valley. Henry and Joseph hastened to complete the commission they were intrusted with by Monsieur de Livré, resolving to visit the young waggoner and his mother that evening; and soon after sun-set they found themselves in the direct road to their dwelling. As they approached it, Henry exclaimed, "Mamma, I think—I *hope*, will not be dis-  
pleased

pleased with us for lengthening our walk. If we make haste back, we shall get home before it is dark."

JOSEPH. "Since the motive of our visit is to be of service if we can, I am sure neither Madame de St. Claire, nor de Livré, will be displeased with us. Do you see that hovel yonder? That must be their dwelling, from the boy's description."

It was so; the door, half open, presented to them the most pleasing scene of rural felicity. They saw the young waggoner in a corner of the chimney breaking some faggots; the girl, his sister, was adding one of them to the little pile, and as they entered, they heard her exclaim, "Look, Billy, what a *nice blaze* I have made! mamma's milk will soon boil now."

In an old wicker arm chair, on the opposite side, sat the good matron; she had been knitting, but her thoughts seemed then wholly engrossed with these affectionate children, for it was thrown carelessly on a wooden bench beside her. "Pardon, good woman, this intrusion," cried Joseph, "we met your son in our walk this



evening, who refused a trifle to procure him some refreshment, which he stood so much in need of; and we thought, that if we visited him in your presence, he could not hesitate to accept it." (Putting the money into his hand.)

Boy. "Oh! my dear mother, since these generous young gentlemen *will* have it so, accept their present."

"No," interrupted Henry, "this is for yourself *only*;" then approaching the cottager, "your son has informed us of your lameness; for his sake receive this purse, and get advice for it. You must, you must indeed oblige us."

The good woman, astonished, looked first at the children, then at the purse, and at length exclaimed, "Is it possible there can be such generosity in youth? Amiable children! receive our sincerest thanks, but take again your bounty; it is a sum too considerable to be given unknown to your parents, if you have any; and I hope you *have*, for sure you must be their greatest BLESSING. Thank Heaven, my lameness is something better, and the industry

dustry of Billy and Peggy furnishes me with all I want."

It was in vain Henry and Joseph urged her to accept the purse; she would not hear of it.

Night came on, and they were obliged to take leave of the honest family; but before their departure, Henry, as he kissed the little girl, slyly slipped the purse into her bosom, and was out of sight in a moment. They arrived at the cottage just as de Livré and Madame were sitting down to supper. The history of the young waggoner furnished matter for conversation till bed-time; but Henry did not mention having left the purse, for whatever he gave was not from motives of ostentation, but real benevolence.

---

## CHAP. XX.

WHEN the family were to assemble for breakfast the ensuing morning, Madame de St. Claire was surprised to see the other children enter the room without Emmiline.

On enquiry where she was, Clara replied, "My sister is in the little room that looks into the garden, at work. I asked her what she was doing, but she would not tell me. I will go up again and beg of her to come down." In a few minutes they returned together. "What have you been doing my love?" said her mother; "you are not usually so long learning your lessons."

EMMILINE. "I have been looking a little at them, mamma, but not all the time, for I rose at five o'clock."

MADAME. "Well, are we to have no account of your employments from that time?"

EMMILINE. "If you desire it mamma—but——"

MADAME. "Why that *but*, my Emmiline; you know I am your friend, and that I love to be consulted as such in all you do."

EMMILINE. "Yes, my dear mamma; but what I was about is not finished; when I had completed it, I meant to ask you if it would do."

MADAME.

MADAME. "If *what* would do—*what* is it?"

EMMILINE. (Hesitating) "It is—it is—to *be*, mamma, a frock for the little girl whom my brother saw last night; we heard him talk of her after he was in bed."

MADAME. "A frock! and where did you get the materials to make it?"

EMMILINE. "Agnes gave me a piece of coloured calico she had by her, and was so good to cut it out for me. I thought then I could make it, and surprise you; for I knew you would not be displeased with me for doing something for this poor child."

MADAME. "Certainly not. When the frock is finished, we will take a walk and visit the good people; but you must permit Clara to assist you, otherwise we shall not have the pleasure of seeing them to-day; and on this occasion I will dispense with your lessons."

HENRY. "And may I not take the waggoner a suit of my clothes, mamma?"

MADAME. "I fear they will not fit him; he must be taller than you are."



HENRY. "Oh! I had forgot that; so he is; but then what can I take him?"

MADAME. "We will contrive to give him something that may be useful; we shall have sufficient leisure to think of it between this and the evening; in the mean time, while your sisters work, you may amuse them, by reading aloud the book I made you a present of yesterday."

Clara and Emmiline were so industrious, that by the afternoon the frock was completed. They then set out for the valley, accompanied by Madame de St. Claire and Monsieur de Livré.

By the children's direction, they soon arrived at the waggoner's abode, whose mother received them with surprise and gratitude. Madame conversed with the good woman respecting her lameness, and promised to send her a strengthening plaister, of which she knew the efficacy. No sooner did the worthy cottager understand, that the persons with whom she was conversing so familiarly, were the parents of those generous children who had visited her son the preceding evening, than she attempted to  
return

return the purse. Monsieur de Livré received it, but it was only that he might add something to Henry's bounty.

"It is yours," said Madame, returning it; after having (as she imagined) unperceived, slipped in a small bit of paper. "You have an honest and industrious son; accept this for HIM,—for your *daughter*, if you will not for yourself." Observing the paper to be a bank note, "Oh! Heavens!" cried the poor woman, "this for my children?" Then, while the tears of heartfelt gratitude bedewed her venerable cheeks, she thus continued. "May the hand of Providence shower on *you* its CHOICEST BLESSINGS! may you experience every pleasure, *every* comfort! Would you could form some idea of that you have this day given to a widow's heart; and for which I know not how to thank you as I ought; but you have a young family; imagine yourself in my situation for one moment—then, madam, you will be sensible of what I feel, and the gratitude my tongue cannot express. My children, honest, amiable, and industrious,

ous, but ignorant, will now receive the advantages of education; your generosity has enabled me to procure it for them, and made me the happiest of mothers."

"Shall I then learn to write, mother? You once said if I could write, I might get my bread without driving a team." "I did so," replied the poor woman, "and I hope you will take every advantage of this good lady's kindness to improve yourself."

During this scene, Emmiline and her sister had retired to a corner of the apartment, and were busily employed in putting on the frock they had made. The little girl, who had never seen herself so nicely dressed before, had scarcely patience till the last string could be tied, when running up to her mother, "Look! look! mamma, look, Billy, what a fine frock! it is so pretty, so long, and these ladies say I am to keep it; they have made it on purpose for me. How good they are! Oh! I wish Betsy Blackberry was here, to see how smart I am; her best frock is nothing near so fine. I will go and shew it to-morrow, 'tis Sunday; may I not, mamma?" "And see,"  
said

said Billy, "what they have brought for me; a new suit entirely. You was saying the other day, you knew not when you should be able to lay by enough to buy me even a new hat, but you see how Providence has supplied us. I cannot help crying for joy when I see all these things, and the goodness we have experienced, my dear mother." Madame de St Claire and de Livré, before they took leave of the happy cottagers, promised to repeat their visit. The sun was setting as they returned, and the young people did not fail to remind their friend of the pleasures of the mount. "It is too late to go thither this evening," he replied. "Shall we not visit it to-morrow," said the children. This was readily assented to; they went earlier than usual, and to vary their entertainment, he read aloud to them the following drama:



## THE FOUNDLING OF SAVOY;

A Drama, in three acts.

## Persons.

## Men.

MONSIEUR DE ST.

PIERRE.

MONSIEUR DE

JONVILLE.

CHAMONT.

JOSSELIN.

CHARLES.

BOUSSOLE.

## Women.

MADAME DE ST.

PIERRE.

ROSE.

LISETTE.

JOANNA.

ANNETTE.

SERVANT TO MONSIEUR DE ST. PIERRE.

MULETEERS.

ACT the first, SCENE the first.

*In the most romantic part of Savoy, a distant view of the Glaciers.—Corn fields to the left, a cottage on the right hand side of the stage.—Time, sun-rise.—Chorus of villagers at a distance going to their labour; others come forward and sing the following stanza.*

SEE

SEE the rising orb of day  
Bids the peasant banish sleep ;  
Morning from its golden ray  
Breaks upon the mountain's steep.

## CHORUS.

Sons of industry renew  
Labour with the early day ;  
Nature from her waving fields  
Calls the cheerful band away.

*(As they go off, Rose enters from the cottage, with a small basket on her arm.)*

## SCENE II.

ROSE.

What a delightful morning ! The merry song of the villagers broke in upon my slumbers ; it seemed to reproach me with indolence ; for, like them, I have a daily task to perform. I shall, however, be able, I hope, to gather this basket full of simples from the mountains before my mother awakes. Chamont will then take it with him after breakfast, and the good apothecary, his master, will pay us liberally for the purchase. He has promised also to take

take the patterns I have drawn last week to dispose of to the people who accepted the others. Happy Rose! if by thy industry thou canst procure a few of the comforts, with the necessaries of life, for an aged parent.

## A I R.

When the widow'd heart in sorrow  
Pines in secret o'er it's grief,  
When it scarce from hope can borrow  
One sweet moment of relief,  
Ah! what pleasure then to cheer,  
When her grief-worn heart is low,  
For Rose to wipe away the tear,  
And sooth a tender mother's woe.

[*Exit Rose.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Lisette, followed by Josselin.*

Jos. So, Lisette, you will not glean in Mr. Belmour's fields to-day?

Lis. No; I have told you before, Josselin, I will not spend the day where you are.

Jos. And why not, Lisette?

Lis. Because I don't like you *now*; you

are

are so altered—so changed—I hate to look at you.

Jos. Indeed! then you may look another way. But in what am I so altered? Do I not wear my hat in its usual fashion, and tie my neck handkerchief in the way you told me was the most *becoming*?

Lis. All this may be very true. I speak not of your person, that is well enough; but your *heart*, Josselin, is altered.

Jos. Ay, indeed! How can you possibly know that?

Lis. Why it is as plain as that the sun is now shining upon the mountains. If we chance to work in the same fields, you never speak to me *now*, you never offer to pick up a grain of corn for ME; but I have seen you follow Rose, and throw whole handfuls into her apron, and cry, "Poor thing! she has an aged parent to support!" However, I know what some people have said, that although you spoke of the mother, you was thinking of the daughter all the while.

Jos. Well, if I did, was there any harm in that, pray?

Lis.



Lis. Oh! none at all. To be sure Rose is a very good-looking girl; but there was a time when I have heard you say, you preferred Lisette's black eyes and rosy cheeks to the fairest complexion in the world.

Jos. And mayhap I do so still.

Lis. Not you indeed; you follow Rose like her shadow, and when you can't see her you talk of her: "Rose does this and Rose does that, and Rose is so *amiable*;" but I am a fool to vex myself about it and to lose my time by prating with one who does not care a straw for me.

Jos. I not care a straw for you! fie Lisette. Come, let us go to Mr. Belmour's fields; Rose will not be there to-day.

Lis. How should you know where she will be? 'Tis plain you are in her confidence. Beware, Josselin; take my word for it she will not make a good poor man's wife: she is very agreeable, to be sure, as they say; but she loves reading fine works and scribbling with a pencil. I have been at Joanna's cottage. Would you believe

at, madam has a little room entirely to herself, and there are I don't know how many shelves filled with books, all given her by a friend of her mother's, who was pleased with her in her infancy, and it is reported gave something towards her education. They say she works very hard for Joanna; it is true she gleans sometimes, and gathers herbs upon the mountains; but one may easily see the work is not natural to her, and that she takes no delight in it.

Jos. Come, come, be not so severe in your judgment. Rose is a worthy girl.

Lis. So was Lifette ONCE.

Jos. And *ever* will be to Joffelin.

Lis. Ah! now you think to coax me, but it will not do; *my* favour is not so suddenly recovered. I have done—I have no more to say to you, Mr. Joffelin.

Jos. Nonsense! Come to the fields, Lifette.

Lis. I tell you I won't.

Jos. You *won't*; you speak furlily, Lifette.

Lis. I know it. I am very ill humoured. Leave me, Joffelin.

Jos.

Jos. Not till I see you in better temper. Come, let us shake hands and be friends; you know, Lifette, I don't love to see you *cross*.

Lis. Then you need not do what you know will make me so. Why don't you go, Sir? I want none of your company.

Jos. But mayhap I want yours; come along with me, good Lifette.

Lis. Once more I tell you, I will *not* go with you, Joffelin.

## DUET.

Jos. When the summer sun descending,  
Gilds the mountains of the west,  
As to fold their flocks attending,  
Shepherds hail the hour of rest;  
Then when Joffelin, sad and weary,  
Homeward bends his lonely way,  
Ah! how sweet to hear so cheerly  
Lifette sing at setting day.

Lis. Vain is, Joffelin, this contending,  
I have told my mind before;  
Ever Rose's charms commending,  
Lifette's shall intrude no more.  
Blithsome when the sun descending,  
Gilds the distant village spire,

I'll,

I'll, the rural band attending,  
Cheer with songs my aged fire.

Jos. Not when Josselin, weary sad,  
Begs with merry note you'd greet him.

Lis. No, I scorn the faithless lad;  
Rose will welcome him, and meet him.

Jos. You will not come with me? Well,  
then I must go alone. Adieu, Lisette. I  
advise you to get rid of this peevish pet as  
soon as you can. I shall see you in the  
evening; we shall meet when it is over,  
and notwithstanding all you have said, I  
know you will welcome me home with a  
song.

(Exit Josselin.)

#### SCENE IV.

LISETTE.

I welcome him home with a song; not  
truly. Let him ask Rose; her voice, it  
seems, enchants every one, and yet to my  
mind it is not half so clear and loud as An-  
nette's. What can there be in this girl,  
like Rose, to make all the world ad-  
mire her so much? For my part, I see  
no



no great difference between her and Lisette. But now for the comparison. She is tall, fair, and slim; I am short, brown, and lusty: she has blue eyes, I have black: well, I have heard say as how eyes black as jet are handsome, but never that blue were reckoned pretty, unless in the baby face of a wax doll. Then her hands are so smooth, white, and delicate; so would mine was I to wear gloves, as I have been told Joanna makes her do; and on warm days she must have a bonnet to be sure, to keep the sun from spoiling her complexion. Is it not strange that the daughter of a peasant should be brought up with such indulgence, and yet spoiled as she *must* be? It is allowed by all that she has no *faults*. How remarkable that is! I thought the best of us had never been *without*. Oh that I could find out some blemish, some *little error*, just to sink her to the common standard of admiration: what a triumph would it be for us poor villagers, whose natural endowments her boasted excellence has rendered contemptible.

## AIR.

Since are the rich by woes oppress'd,  
 Though wealth and power be theirs,  
 And by ambition oft possess'd,  
 The *noble* toil in cares.  
 Why should the cottage maid repine,  
 Or spurn her lowly state?  
 Where health and peace thro' labour shine,  
 The envy of the great.

(Exit Lisette.

## SCENE V.

*Changes to a side of the mountain. Charles at the foot of a tree, crying violently. Several children seen running at a distance. Rose passes, a basket on her arm, filled with simples.*

ROSE (not perceiving him) looking at her basket.

How successful I have been, and with how little trouble. So beneficent is the hand of Providence, that even in the meanest herb it dispenses its benefits to mankind. As various in their properties, as in their blossoms, are the plants of the mountains. Hark! do I not hear the sounds

L - of

of some one in distress? (*She goes towards Charles.*) Little friend, what is the matter, have you lost your way?

CHA. (*rising.*) Ah! no. I know my way home, but I do not wish to return. My playfellows are all gone to school; I came with them thus far, but——

ROSE. You did not like to go on; fie, that was very naughty.

CHA. Do not *you* scold me; I would have gone, indeed I would, but they forbade me; and it is for that I am crying—they said their master would not teach me, because my mother could not afford to give him money, and that made me very sorry. I wanted to learn to read; I have been wishing for it *so long*.

ROSE. Well, do not cry so, my pretty fellow. Your mother, cannot she teach you?

CHA. Alas! she has no time; you cannot think how hard she labours to earn a bit of bread, and then her health is so bad; but if I could read, I think in a few years I might be able to do something for *her* and myself too, though she always cries  
when

when I talk about it, and says she cannot pay for putting me to school.

ROSE. Poor woman ! this shall not be long her trouble. If you will come to me every day I will teach you to read, and I dare to say you will be a very attentive scholar.

CHA. You ? Oh ! dear what are you ? Not a schoolmistress, I am sure, you look so good humoured. I never saw you before ; but I do believe you are the good young peasant mother has heard so much talk about. Upon my knees let me thank you. You will teach me to *read*. Will you teach me upon the mountain ? Shall I meet you here again to-morrow morning ?

ROSE. No ; you shall go home with me. At Joanna's cottage I will instruct you ; come to me there as often as you have inclination, or your leisure will permit you.

CHA. Or as often as mother can spare me. Oh ! let me run and tell her the joyful news.

ROSE. Presently ; do not be in such haste. Tell me first what is your name ?

L 2

CHA.



CHA. Charles, little Charles.

ROSE. Little Charles, you must come with me; I will give you something for your mother's breakfast, and you shall have a cup of new milk with us before you return.

CHA. With *you*? You are going to teach me to read; *you* who, next to my mother, are my *best friend*! How she will bless you! And may I see you *every* day?

ROSE. Every day——But see, the good Joanna is coming to meet us.

CHA. What is she your mother?

ROSE. Yes; and the most affectionate of mothers.

CHA. I thought so, she looks so kind; just as you did when you bade me not cry.

## SCENE VI.

JOANNA. CHARLES. ROSE.

ROSE. Good morrow to my dearest mother.

JOAN. Good morrow to my child.  
Who

Who have we here? Who is this pretty flaxen-headed boy?

ROSE. A little stranger whom I met by the way, at least I do not recollect ever having seen him before; he was crying because he could not go to school, so I have consented to be his instructress: you have no objection I hope to the undertaking?

JOAN. What objection could be advanced to such a generous intention? To those who are capable, there surely is a duty incumbent upon them to inform the ignorant; and I am certain my Rose will with pleasure devote her morning and evening leisure to his instruction.

ROSE. I pity the good creature his mother, cannot we do something for her?

JOAN. My generous girl, you forget that we are poor, and that poverty has little to bestow.

ROSE. I know this but too well, would I had the power to render your situation more comfortable. Should the last patterns be disposed of advantageously, I think we could then spare a trifle for the poor woman; you shall not be the loser, with

a little more assiduity I shall soon be able to finish others.

JOAN. May Heaven reward you for your goodness! You are already too kind to me, my Rose; time has been when I could labour; when my youthful spirits lightened every toil, and I joined the cheerful song of the villagers; unconscious of fatigue; but I am now poor, old, and feeble; I cannot work, and what would become of Joanna did not the industry of her Rose support her?

ROSE. You forget Chamont, 'tis to his exertions——

JOAN. And to thine also; 'tis true, he is a most dutiful son, a blessing to me; but do not think so much of him, my child, many of our village lads are more deserving; he must not possess your best opinion.

ROSE. Why not? Is he not my brother?

JOAN. You love him too well; but no more of this, it is seven o'clock, let us hasten homewards, we shall find him waiting breakfast for us.

CHA.

CHA. (*To Rose.*) Pray let me carry this basket for you; I will come every morning and help you to fill it, when mother can spare me.

## A I R.

When the tempest loud is blowing,  
 Early as the break of day,  
 Ev'ry thought on Rose bestowing,  
 To the mountains I'll away.  
 There the osier basket filling,  
 I'll not heed the winds or rain;  
 While within the cottage dwelling,  
 Shelter'd shall my friend remain.

(*Exeunt.*)

## S C E N E VII.

*Before Lisette's Cottage. Lisette spinning.*

*Enter ANNETTE.*

ANN. Good day, Lisette; at the usual business I perceive.

LIS. Ah! Annette, we villagers are born to labour, I have been at the wheel ever since breakfast, and yet, perhaps, mother will not be satisfied.

ANN. Why should you think so? I am

L. 4.

sure



sure there is not one amongst us more industrious.

LIS. But there is *one* who is *thought* to be so, and that is the same thing you know: there is no getting a holiday now, Annette.

ANN. No! Why not?

LIS. You have no idea of my confinement: if I only ask to take an evening walk, as it is very pleasant at this time of the year, mother grumbles, and bids me copy Rose; "Rose," says she, "never teazes Joanna for a holiday, she knows better than to waste her time in idleness." So Rose is set up as an example, a model for all young peasants, and vain enough of it she is, I warrant me; I hate such boasted beings of perfection. We shall find her out some time or other, depend upon it, Annette, she has not more goodness, more discretion, than you or I have.

ANN. Do you think not, Lisette; she looks, I am sure, as if she could not do wrong.

LIS. So do many, my dear, who, notwithstanding,

withstanding, have committed great errors.

ANN. Yes; but Rose is certainly **VERY** deserving. As I was coming from the field just now, I heard neighbour Seymour tell how kind she had been in making clothes for her children, because two Sundays ago she saw them come to church very ragged; she said she had even cut up some of her own to make things for them; was not this very good?

LIS. Undoubtedly; but do you think it is very good to be seen in the company of a young man, who every body knows is going to be married to somebody else?

ANN. No; that cannot be right, especially if she knows he is engaged. Perhaps you are misinformed, we should not judge too hastily.

LIS. 'Tis fact, my dear Annette, I have seen them together, and Joffelin is so taken up with her, that, would you believe it, he can speak of no one else. Alas ! I am very unhappy.

ANN. Without any cause for being so,  
L 5 mayhap.

mayhap. I tell you again you may be mistaken.

LIS. No, no; it is too evident, too plain; I'll be revenged, Annette; her brother Chamont shall know of her proceedings, and Joanna too.

ANN. For shame, Lifette! —

AIR.

Say why should envious storms assail  
The opening rose so fair?

Ah! let affections' friendly gale

Disperse the noxious air.

Full soon shall cank'ring care its bloom  
invade,

And doom the flow'r of happiness to fade.

Let me conjure you not to tell them,  
Lifette, it would spoil all their felicity, you  
know how fond they are of her.

LIS. I don't think indeed I could have  
courage to tell them of it; but I can write  
something which will have the same effect.

ANN. Oh fie! I could not have thought  
you delighted in making mischief, you  
who was ever reckoned one of the best  
tempered

tempered girls in Savoy ; *always* so good natured.

LIS. Am I not so still, what have I said to you, pray Annette ?

ANN. Nothing ; but I can see you are jealous, *very* jealous of *Rose*. Do you know what a frightful thing jealousy is, Lisette ? I have heard say, people who are troubled with fits of it, can neither rest day nor night ; and when these are violent, they could knock down, were they present, the very objects that have excited it. To hear them spoken well of, throws them into the greatest agitation, and makes them imagine all manner of mischief and injury against them.

LIS. I am *not* jealous.

ANN. 'Tis the nature of the disease, I believe, not to be sensible one has it ; you certainly are infected with it, or you would not wish all this ill to poor *Rose*.

LIS. I wish her ill ? Oh ! Annette, how you wrong me.

ANN. Yes ; when you wished her mother and brother to have a bad opinion of her. She speaks with the greatest civility



to every one. I could lay a wager she has done the same to Joffelin, and this is all you have to be displeased at. For shame, Lisette, command your temper, be yourself again, for positively I scarce know you since you have given way to this odious passion; I must run again to the field. Farewel Lisette, since life presents us with so many real hardships, why should we make ourselves uneasy with those of our own imagination? *(Exit Annette.)*

## SCENE VIII.

LISETTE.

Annette may reason as she pleases, I cannot help fretting at Joffelin's unkindness.

How happy was I on the first of May, when he presented me with a nosegay of his choicest flowers; for he has a little garden, and its early beauties were ever brought forward for my birthday; but May is passed, and with it Joffelin's regard. He will gather them next year, perhaps, for Rose. I cannot bear to think of her, she has given me so much uneasiness. She *may be good, she may be deserving*—this I  
am

am sure of, that she is not handsome;—no she is *hideous*, so pale, so wan. I never see her but she puts me in mind of a faded lily. (*Looking at the wheel.*) I cannot work, mother may scold me if she pleases. I feel, I don't know how to describe it, quite ill all over. Annette said jealousy made people restless and uneasy—that cannot be what I feel neither; for I think I am only a little uncomfortable. It is so *wicked* to be jealous.—I would not be that for the whole universe.

(*Exit to the cottage.*)

## SCENE IX.

*The outside of a public house by the road side, enter several Muleteers.*

1st. MUL. At length here we are, once more within sight of our old apartments; we have had a dreary journey of it over the mountains. Hollo! Bouffole! Art thou still in the land of the living?

## SCENE X.

BOUSSOLE. MULETEERS.

Bous. Ah! faith, and as merry, my  
lads,

lads, as when we parted. What news? have ye met with generous travellers, who have liberally rewarded the guides for their trouble?

2d. MUL. So, so, my friend, for that; people are for seeing every thing, but then as to rewarding a poor fellow for his trouble, in helping them to behold one of the finest scenes in nature, they do not think about it; and if you ask them to be charitable to a poor guide, they will tell you that the times are as hard as the summit of the Glaciers. Come, let us go in and take something to recruit our spirits, we are sadly tired.

1st. MUL. Ah! and our beasts too; let us put them into a hovel, my mule is quite foot-sore; the poor animal can scarcely drag one leg after the other, she has suffered the *most* from fatigue, and I'll see her housed ere I think of taking a draught to allay my thirst, or a scrap to satisfy my hunger.

Bous. Upon my word, my honest fellows, things sometimes happen very unluckily. You have not had a profitable journey

journey you say ; and at present my house is so full of the best company, that I cannot offer you a single bed, or a room to sit in. I am extremely sorry, extremely sorry—be assured I am. All that I can do is to endeavour to persuade you to steer yourselves elsewhere ; for, believe me, north, south, east, west, every point of my compass is preoccupied.

*(Pointing to the house.)*

1st. MUL. Nay, but you may have *some* spare room, some shattered hovel at least for the cattle ; poor Bridget will die, I am certain, if she is driven farther to night ; for these twelve years have we travelled together, and this is the first time I ever found it difficult to obtain a shed to rest her weary bones in. Find me but a place for her, I will lay myself beside her, and sleep soundly till morning.

BOUS. Once more, I tell ye, I have no room, not the smallest space for such a set of vagabonds.

1st. MUL. Vagabonds ? We were good friends and honest fellows the last time we met.

2d. MUL.



2d. MUL. Yes, but a bad journey has prepared us a bad reception. This man is too mercenary to admit those who have only the means to pay scantily for a night's lodging.

## SCENE X.

*Enter* MONSIEUR DE JONVILLE.

DE JON. What means this uproar? What is the matter, my hearts of oak? you look dissatisfied. What's your grievance?

1st. MUL. Grievance enough i'faith. We have been travelling the flinty roads, and rugged mountains, these three days, and at our return to the old quarters, thought to find a good bed and a jug of ale; but we may starve, die with thirst, faint with fatigue, and our foot-fore mules expire before us. He cares not.—Poor Bridget—it makes my heart ache to think on't; she can't stand it two hours longer, I am certain. I would give my last penny to see her sheltered, and get her a handful of something to eat, she is half famished, and so weary;—but we are *poor*, and this friendly host of the *rich* has no pity.

DE

DE JON. (*Aside.*) Is it possible any one can be so unfeeling! (*Aloud.*) My good people, be easy; if a stranger's services can be acceptable, present circumstances entitle you to mine, at least we will try their effect. I think I can procure lodgings for yourselves, and shelter for the mules. Bouffole! money is a little scarce at some seasons, and the want of it may make some hearts unfeeling. Take this purse, and let me see the guides accommodated.

BOUS. How good you are, Monsieur. I beg your pardon, my good friends; I had quite forgot the Marquis does not return here to-night; I shall have apartments for you all, and your mules shall sleep in the stable next my own cattle, and have all the provision their hungry appetites require.

(*Muleteers assemble round Monsieur de Jonville.*)

Do not stay to thank me now, good fellows; see to your beasts, and then take care of yourselves, by making a hearty meal after all your fatigue. I will see you well served.

(*Exit Muleteers.*)

SCENE

## SCENE XI.

BOUSOLE. MONSIEUR DE JONVILLE.

DE JON. It is cold travelling, Bouffole; these poor wretches have shivered upon the mountains, while you and I have enjoyed the warm sun in our apartments. Let them have a treat to-day at my expence.

BOUS. Certainly, Monsieur, whatever you are pleased to order.

DE JON. Let it be the best then of what your larder can produce.

BOUS. It shall, Monsieur, it shall, depend upon it; my house is celebrated for every thing that's delicate and delicious. Here, Louis, set out in the north point parlour the round of beef, the cold loin of mutton, and the cranberry tarts that were baked on Saturday. The ale I'll draw myself. (*Going.*)

DE JON. Stay, landlord.—Will it not be better to get it when they return? A fresh draught will be more agreeable; beside, I want to ask you a few questions about this neighbourhood. The château, I see, is inhabited again.

BOUS.

**Bous.** Yes ; it is about two months since the family came into it. Odd sort of people, very odd sort of people, as a body may say : they see no company, live quite to themselves, make no entertainments, and it is my firm belief that the servants are as stingy as their master ; not one of the whole tribe has spent an hour in my house since they came into the country. I have heard say they brew at home, and no doubt think their own ale better than any they could purchase ; but we publicans know to the contrary, we who have our cellars always stored with the best October. Though born in France, Monsieur, I was educated in England, and I brought the receipt hither to make it.

## A I R.

Throughout Savoy my fame is rais'd,  
 For porter, ale, and cyder,  
 For choicest wine the Lion's prais'd,  
 As clear as sparkling amber.

Here the mountain travellers stop,  
 Extol and sip the tempting drop ;

Odd



236 THE LITTLE FAMILY.

Odd and ugly, young and handsome, fee-  
ble, nimble,

Sad, silent, sober, gay,

Turn in here ;

Old men, young men, lib'ral, stingy, feel  
the magnet

Of good cheer,

Here ever point the way.

The ladies too and misses fair,

Who mend their health with foreign air ;

Cry so refreshing is the wine,

We'll taste your ale, and stay and dine ;

Then praise the dishes to distraction,

While I, the compass of attraction,

Thus from all quarters draw my treasure,

The recompense of genuine measure.

Odd and ugly, young and handsome, fee-  
ble, nimble,

Sad, silent, sober, gay,

Turn in here ;

Old men, young men, lib'ral, stingy, ever  
stumble

On good cheer,

The Lion in their way.

Would not your honour, as they say in  
England, please to taste a goblet of my  
ale ?

Dz

DE JON. Not at present. I do not doubt of its being excellent : but to return to the family we were speaking of. Does it consist of agreeable people, with whom one might form an intimacy ? My intention is to remain some time in Savoy, and I shall have no objection to increase my circle of acquaintance here, and to spend my leisure hours in a pleasant society.

BOUS. I commend you, Monsieur, you are certainly in the right ; when a gentleman is from home, the best thing he can do is to make time pass as merrily as he can. As to Monsieur de St. Pierre —

DE JON. Monsieur de St. Pierre !

BOUS. Yes, Sir ; I was going to tell you, but perhaps you know him.

DE JON. No matter—say on.

BOUS. Why he is one of the most silent men I ever met with ; always appears deep in thought. I have sometimes, as I have seen him pass by, imagined he must have been a secretary of state, for no other occupation could make a human being so serious ; yet, haughty as he seems with respect to us respectable inhabitants, I have  
been

been told by the meaner sort, that to them he is all condescension and good nature: the poorer they are, the more their wants seem to entitle them to his notice.

DE JON. (*Aside.*) The exact portrait of my friend, the patron of the oppressed, the enemy only of the presumptuous and insolent. (*Aloud.*) But Madame de St. Pierre, you have not yet mentioned her.

BOUS. No—for we know little about her; they say she seldom goes out, except some sick cottager demands her charitable attendance, or——

DE JON. To dispense her benefits and blessings on the unfortunate and the miserable.

BOUS. And we all know there are enough of those every where. It is astonishing to me, that people of rank and fortune will listen to every idle tale that is brought them, when their money and services might be so much better applied among the unsuccessful in the middle ranks of life, who are sometimes sadly inconvenienced in the way of trade for the muster of a few pounds.

DE

DE JON. How opposite are our ideas!  
—I think it a pity that the sorrows of the indigent do not oftener reach the ear of the affluent. Could their sufferings be properly represented, there are, I am persuaded, many hearts even in the circles of fashion and dissipation that would feel for them, and give up a few superfluities to procure comfort to a fellow creature.—  
Yonder are the muleteers returning. Go and prepare for them, set out your best October, treat them like princes of the Glaziers, that I may speak well of your house for ever after.

BOUS. I humbly thank you; your honour's orders shall be as punctually obeyed as if you were in England.

*(Exit Bouffole.)*

SCENE XII.

MULETEERS. MONSIEUR DE JONVILLE.

DE JON. Go in, brave Muleteers, all is prepared for you.

1st MUL. First accept our blessing,  
Sir. What shall we say, my comrades,  
may he never want the means to do as  
much



much good as we have this day experienced. Poor Bridget has got some clean straw, clean provender, and a sound hovel over her head. I must thank you, Sir, because the poor beast, grateful as she is, *cannot*—

DE JON. Enough, enough, my friends.

*(Muleteers retire.)*

What a satisfaction to the heart is it, to see joy re-animate the countenance from which fatigue and penury had long estranged it; when the trifle of a few pieces of gold can effect this change, who is there would not make so small a sacrifice to the feelings of humanity! It is now time that I should hasten to Joanna's cottage. It is some years since chance led me thither, and brought me acquainted with her little Rose. I will afterwards make a visit to St. Pierre; he will be much surprised at seeing me in this part of the world: when we last met it was at Paris; but a desire of travelling has seized me, and indeed I know not a better use a man of independent fortune, who has no family, can make of his time. Every where he may find objects for the exercise of his benevolence.

The

The benefits he wishes to confer on mankind should not be local; for in every country he will find some who are related to him by the claims of poverty, sickness, or misfortune. (*Exit Mon. de Jonville.*

*Muleteers advance, and sing the following stanzas.*

1st MUL.

Now, for a while our journey ended,  
Let us taste the goodly cheer,  
That, by a stranger thus befriended,  
'Waits the happy Muleteer.

2d MUL.

Comrades, let us banish sorrow,  
Every honest heart be gay;  
Care will come full soon to-morrow,  
Pleasure be our own to-day.

3d MUL.

Let the sparkling goblet cheer us,  
While the stranger's health goes round;  
Heed not Bouffole, though he jeer us,  
Since one gen'rous heart we've found.

M

4th

4th MUL.

What is he who, mines possessing,  
 Gives not poverty a part;  
 Riches are alone a blessing,  
 When they blessings can impart.

CHORUS.

Now, for a while our journey ended,  
 Let us taste the goodly cheer,  
 That, by a stranger thus befriended,  
 'Waits the happy Muleteer.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

---

 CHAP. XXI.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The inside of Joanna's cottage.*

JOANNA. MONS. DE JONVILLE.

DE JON. How fares it with you, my  
 good Joanna?

JOAN. Bless me! It is you, dear Sir.  
 Do I live to see again Monsieur de Jon-  
 ville?

DE JON. Did I not promise to visit you  
 when I next travelled into Savoy?

JOAN.

JOAN. Ah ! that is very true, but how few are there of the rich who think a promise worth keeping, that is made to the object of their charity.

DE JON. For the honour of humanity, let us hope such instances are rarely to be met with. Where is our pretty Rose, the darling little charge I left you in possession of ? She must be much grown ; it is now seven years since I spent any time in Savoy.

JOAN. She is grown indeed. Heaven bless her ! The greatest treasure, except Chamont, that I have on earth. Oh ! I could tell you such things of the goodness of her heart, her industry, her discretion. I will call her, and then you may read them all in her lovely countenance. Rose ! Rose !

ROSE. (*from within.*) Did you call, my mother ?

## SCENE II.

ROSE. JOANNA. MONS. DE JONVILLE.

JOAN. Yes, darling ; here is good Monsieur de Jonville come to make us a visit. You have heard me mention him ; the gen-

M 2

tleman



tleman who was so kind when you was a little girl, too young to express your gratitude for what he had done for you.

ROSE. (*Kneeling.*) Oh! let me *now* thank him for it, for all I know, all I *am*. The charming hours of delight I have enjoyed, to him am I indebted for my pleasures, him who furnished me with books, and taught me the value of education.

DE JON. Rise, my amiable child, you over-rate my attentions.

ROSE. There you are mistaken; generosity like your's never can be spoken of too highly. Are you come again to give me lessons? Young as I was, I have not forgotten your instructions, although then too much of the giddy infant to acknowledge properly your goodness.

DE JON. What farther instruction can Rose stand in need of?

ROSE. A great deal. I have a number of questions to ask, which no one here about can answer me; but I am sure *you can*, for *you must know every thing*; and then I should like to be able to draw better.

JOAN. Would you believe it, Monsieur

fieur, the dear creature sells every week her performances, that I may have a few additional comforts in my old age, as she kindly expresses it.

DE JON. She is perfectly in the right. Have you regularly received the small remittances I ordered. You have not been put to any inconveniencies, I hope, my good woman?

JOAN. No indeed, I have not; they arrived all safe, and we pray daily that the blessings you bestow upon us may be returned to you fourfold. I hope you will not be displeased, Monsieur, but Rose would have me give a part of the little stock we had laid up for a rainy day, to settle Chamont with an apothecary; she thought, and I was rather of her mind, that it would be a good thing for him to be able to gain his own livelihood. Had his father lived, he might not have wanted it, but, poor boy, at my death he will be left destitute of all, save a mother's blessing.

ROSE. You cannot think how good Chamont is; he comes home to us every evening; we frequently read together; he ex-

plains the difficult passages to me, and I assist his memory by making remarks on a slip of paper as we go on: sometimes, when mother is out of spirits, we sing, and then all her cheerfulness returns.

## T R I O.

ROSE. Thus the moments we'd beguile,  
Of sad dejection's pow'r;  
And Rose, by an enliv'ning smile,  
Divert the passing hour.

JOAN. Sure never parent was so blest'd,  
No child so justly dear;  
In her of ev'ry bliss possess'd,  
My heart forgets its care.

DE JON. Long may ye ev'ry transport  
know  
That true affection brings,  
The greatest happiness below—  
Is what from virtue springs.

JOAN. You cannot think the comfort this good child is to me. I often tell her she fatigues herself too much; always busy, always at work from morning till night. I fear her health will suffer from it; I sometimes fancy she looks pale and ill, but she will never own it.

ROSE.

ROSE. Because I do not feel unwell. Your anxiety for me has often made you really ill. You love your Rose too tenderly, her greatest industry cannot repay half your cares.

SCENE III.

ROSE. MONSIEUR DE JONVILLE. JO-  
ANNA. CHARLES.

CHA. Mother sent me to ask if she might not come herself this evening, and thank you for all your goodness to me.

ROSE. Hush! My dear boy, you must not talk of these things now. Do you not see that gentleman?

CHA. Yes, but why may I not say what I was desired before him? He will be pleased, I am sure, to know you have made her so happy.

DE JON. So, Joanna, what pretty stranger have we here?

JOAN. Rose's little scholar, and please you; she met with him crying at the foot of a tree, because his mother could not afford to put him to school. Bless her generous heart, she took pity on him, and



told him to come as often as he could, and she would instruct him.

CHA. Yes, Sir, she has made me feel so glad, and yet she will not have me thank her; perhaps you will have the kindness to thank her for me—for my *mother*: I dare say Rose will let *you* say something for us.

ROSE. No, no, it is here alone the thanks of gratitude are due: had not this benevolent friend provided means for my instruction, and became himself, at an early age, my tutor, you, Charles, must have still remained in ignorance.

CHA. And what is ignorance?

JOAN. Rose means to say, that if this gentleman had not been a kind of school-master to her, she could not have taught you. (*Running to him and kissing his hand.*)

CHA. Then I will thank him for us both.

DE JON. Where is your mother, does she live far off?

CHA. No; a very little way, about half a mile below the green lane; just as you turn out of it, you may see the broken chimney of our cottage.

## A I R.

The winter's eve, I recollect it well,  
 When suddenly the clatt'ring mortar  
 fell;  
 Spoil'd was the scanty meal, not yet be-  
 gun,  
 For o'er the fire the brazen skillet hung.  
 The wind was high, the thatch was  
 torn away,  
 Thro' many a crevice beat the drift-  
 ing snow;  
 E'en to the chamber where a parent lay,  
 Methinks that now I feel the tempest  
 blow.  
 But spring return'd, the wind again grew  
 mild,  
 The sunny days did mother's strength  
 repair;  
 Again she toil'd, attended by her child,  
 And in her earnings lost her winter's  
 care.

DE JON. Your mother then supports  
 herself by labour in the fields?

CHA. Yes, Sir, she works very hard;  
 and sometimes some of our neighbours let

M 5

her

her have linen to wash at home; but she fell down last winter, and hurt her leg so that it gives her much pain now to stand or walk. She seldom complains, though I see very often she is ready to cry too because I cannot help her.

DE JON. Good little fellow! I will call upon her some time to-day, and we will see what can be done for her; and if she can spare you, you shall come and live with me.

CHA. Then mother will have no one to go and get wood, and make her fire for her.

DE JON. If I provide a servant to do all this, you will have no objection. I will give you new clothes, and teach you all you wish to know; you shall travel about with me, and return every year to spend some time with her.

CHA. Ah! then I will go with you, if you promise *this*. I could not leave my mother entirely to have become the greatest boy in the world. Is it indeed true that you will take me, and do all you say?

DE

DE JON. Yes, and much more if you continue to be good. You may now run home, and inform your mother of my intentions.

CHA. She will be ready to die with joy, I am sure, when I tell her of it; and pray, as I do, that Heaven will pour upon you its best of blessings. *(Exit Charles.)*

SCENE IV.

JOANNA. DE JONVILLE. ROSE.

JOAN. Pardon me, Monsieur, for not having before asked you to accept of some refreshment; allow me to fetch you something.

DE JON. Not at present, thanks to your kindness. Having learnt that the worthy Monsieur de St. Pierre is come to reside at the château, I have promised myself the pleasure of a few hours in his society this morning. We were friends at the university together. Madame de St. Pierre is one of the most amiable of characters. I shall endeavour to obtain her esteem and friendship for Rose.

ROSE. Ah! you are too good, too kind  
M 6 to



to poor Rose, who was nothing till exalted by your generosity, and still unworthy half the benefits you are pleased to bestow upon her.

JOAN. May we hope to see you again, Monsieur, in the course of the day?

DE JON. Certainly, before the close of evening. *(Exeunt severally.)*

## SCENE V.

*A pathway near the cottage.*

*Enter CHAMONT.*

CHAMONT.

Just at the foot of the large chesnut trees I picked up this paper. It is directed to Joffelin, and it is Rose's writing. What can she have to write to him about? Some private donation which she wishes to be concealed from us, no doubt, for she cannot bear her generosity should be praised. It is not sealed: might the curiosity be excused were I to see who were the objects of her present charity; it is the first time she has not entrusted her secrets to a brother's confidence. Thus let me be revenged.

venged. (*Opens the letter.*) Ha! what do I read? can it be possible! (*Reads.*)

“Meet me this evening at eight o’clock, at the south entrance to the village; let not Lifette or Joanna know of this, but believe me ever sincerely your’s,

— ROSE.”

I cannot be deceived, it is her hand; Joffelin is engaged to Lifette, and Rose has made this appointment; Rose, whom I have been so proud to acknowledge, to *boast* of as my sister. Could I have ever thought her capable of this! It is too plain, she is guilty; and every letter of this paper bears testimony of it. What will become of my mother, when she hears this tale of her imprudence. At eight too, the hour when we usually assemble round our little table, and partake of the fruits of the season. How often has her conversation enlivened the simple repast. How can we now listen with transport to her voice, the disgrace of her family; she, whose every action seemed so lately the result of inward rectitude and goodness. Some one is coming, I will if possible conceal my emotion. (*As he is going off, he meets Rose.*)

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

CHAMONT. ROSE.

ROSE. Ah! Chamont, how glad I am we are met; have you disposed of the patterns; were they approved of?

CHA. Perhaps more than they deserved to be.

ROSE. How! They were not thought well done: what have you obtained for them?

CHA. (*Gives her money*) A trifling sum; here it is.

ROSE. A trifling sum, Chamont, here are three guineas; what a treasure! And you do not rejoice in your sister's good fortune? You will scarce speak to me; you turn away my brother, are you ill? Oh! tell me what is the matter? (*Chamont looks sternly at her.*) Why do you thus look at me! What have I done? What said to offend you, Chamont? I was going joyfully to communicate all my happiness to you; but I cannot bear your displeasure, indeed I cannot. (*weeps.*)

CHA. How will you endure a mother's then?

ROSE.

ROSE. Alas ! what can Rose have done to merit so much unkindness.

CHA. It is you who are unkind, ungrateful and perfidious ; when you shall be enquired for this evening, and the occasion of your absence related to an injured parent, who then will stand in need of pity ? You may well turn pale, and tremble at being thus detected.

ROSE. What is it you mean ? You terrify me, 'tis your anger that makes me tremble. On my knees I conjure you to tell me why I am thus accused ? Nay, do not leave me, Chamont ; my brother, stay ; do not drive me from you thus. What have I done to deserve this cruelty ?——

CHA. Here is a paper which can answer that question. Start not at the hand. You are no stranger to it. It is your *own* ; your very words to Josselin.

ROSE. To Josselin ! Impossible !

CHA. Have you confidence to deny the fact ? I, who have so often seen you write, can I be deceived ; imposed on ; are not those your letters ?

ROSE.



ROSE. They may resemble them, but they are NOT mine.

CHA. Indeed ! And you have the assurance to maintain it ?

ROSE. Oh ! Chamont, where is your affection for Rose, to think her capable of this ? By what action of her life till now, has she ever forfeited your good opinion ?

CHA. By none ; yet the present instance cannot admit of doubt.

ROSE. It *must*, it *shall* ; listen to me, I entreat you, while I declare that till this moment I never beheld that paper. It is the *basest falsehood*. I *have* NO evening appointment, no acquaintance with Josselin, and am equally at a loss with yourself to imagine who could thus exactly imitate my writing. It distresses me, Chamont, to find you could suppose me guilty of such an artifice. Let us shew it to my mother, perhaps she will be able in some way to account for it. I do not dread *her* anger, she knows the character of her Rose too well, to harbour one suspicion against her innocence.

CHA.

CHA. And I will justify that innocence to the world. Pardon my unmerited reproaches. This letter *shall* be accounted for; I will trace its vile, malicious inventor. At all events, let us conceal it from Joanna, the bare mention of it would disturb her quiet, and little could her opinion avail, for depend upon it, my sister, this is the forgery of some envious hand.

ROSE. In what can I have given cause for envy?

CHA. In a thousand superior excellencies. But you have not said you forgave the warmth with which I spoke just now, my sister.

ROSE. Need I *say* that I forgave it? I *forgot* it the moment you were convinced of my innocence; for the ill opinion of Chamont would be the heaviest affliction Rose could endure. Let us hasten to my mother, I have so many things to say to you in her presence: you know not half the happiness which the events of to-day have given rise to; Monsieur de Jonville is arrived; but were I to tell you now, she would lose  
the

258 THE LITTLE FAMILY.

the pleasure of hearing all his noble acts repeated.

AIR.

Cheerful at the cottage door,  
Oft has Rose at eventide,  
Sung, forgetful she was poor,  
Bless'd, if Chamont at her side,  
Listen'd and approv'd the lay,  
That hail'd the closing summer's day.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

---

CHAP. XXII.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The chateau of St. Pierre.*

MONSIEUR *and* MADAME DE ST. PIERRE.

ST. PIER. I have just been taking a survey of our gardens, and the spot on which I think a green-house will be most advantageously erected. The tradesmen whom I have consulted, tell me it will not be long in completing, and then, my Constantia, you will

will have the delight of spending your leisure moments in your favourite retreat.

MAD. You leave not a wish of my heart ungratified my St. Pierre; yet amidst all the comforts and luxuries of life, the gloom of melancholy continues to oppress me; in vain I endeavour to banish the dejection which for years has made your home uncomfortable.

ST. PIER. Speak not of it; you have too just a cause for sadness, one in which I must ever sympathise. The change of scene and variation of society, may, it is hoped, in time meliorate the grief we cannot conquer.

*Enter Servant.*

SERVANT. A strange gentleman, Sir, from France, desires to see you. Monsieur de Jonville.

ST. PIER. Monsieur de Jonville! My old, my worthy friend; admit him instantly; his enlivening (*Exit servant*) society will contribute largely to our domestic pleasures. He shall favour us *with his* opinion in all our alterations, for he has  
a taste



a taste which will embellish and direct the improvements.

## SCENE II.

ST. PIERRE. MADAME DE ST. PIERRE.  
MONSIEUR DE JONVILLE.

ST. PIER. Welcome my long lost friend, I had despaired of ever again enjoying this favour; when we returned to Paris, we heard that you had sold your estate there, and had commenced traveller.

DE JON. It is true, I became tired of living alone, and curiosity led me to visit those countries which had charmed me in description.

MAD. And you staid not to consider the loss those would sustain who had enjoyed your friendly intercourse.

ST. PIER. Well Jonville, since we have met in Savoy, unless particularly engaged, I must entreat you will honour the château with your future residence.

DE JON. On one condition, my good friends, I accept your invitation with the sincerest pleasure, that you allow me to devote a few hours of each day to a worthy creature,

creature, who lives not very far distant, and who, this time, was the chief object of my journey: the poor Joanna—you may have heard of her.

MAD. We have been told she has a most amiable and beautiful daughter; we have not seen her; she is it seems the pride of the whole village.

DE JON. And *justly*. About seven years since, having lost my way, I took up my abode for that night in her mother's cottage; she was then only eight years old, yet so engaging and so sensible, that I took upon me to be her instructor, and for this purpose stayed longer in Savoy than I at first intended; at my departure I furnished her with a few books, and all that could contribute to her future improvement, but nothing that could raise her mind from the station of industry she was born to. Joanna I found possessed a superior though uncultivated understanding; she had been unfortunate in the loss of her husband, and at his death found herself in the lowest situation, with a son to maintain, who, during his father's life, had received at a neighbouring

bouring seminary the groundwork of a liberal education. I observed she was ill calculated to bear laborious exertions, and resolving to render her at least easier in her circumstances, I have allowed her annually a small salary. I shall think myself but too happy should the virtues and abilities of my little charge, at some future period entitle her to the friendship of Madame de St. Pierre.

## A I R.

As some pale violet 'neath the mountain snow,

Wastes on the desert wild its fragrant sweets ;

Unshelter'd droops, when raging tempests blow,

Beneath the blast its silken texture greets :

So would my Rose, the village blossom fair,

The world's rough whirlwinds of misfortune prove,

Did not compassion check the blight of care,

And to its fost'ring soil the plant remove.

MAD.

MAD. Any one who is worthy of Monsieur de Jonville's, must have a claim to our esteem. I have been for some time wishing for a companion of this description ; perhaps your Rose will not think herself degraded by entering on an occupation which, except in name, shall not offer any thing humiliating.

DE JON. Under your protection it is, of all others, the one I most wish to obtain for her : allow me to introduce her to you this evening.

DE ST. PIERRE. As soon as you please, after you have taken a walk round the plantations. As friends after a long separation have a thousand topics of conversation, we must insist that you return immediately.

*(Exeunt St. Pierre, Madame de St. Pierre,  
and Mons. de Jonville.)*

### SCENE III.

*Joanna's cottage. Rose discovered at a table drawing.*

ROSE.

Yes, I hope I shall be able to finish it ; it is certainly very like him, and yet there  
is



is an expression in his animated countenance which my unskilful pencil finds a difficulty in imitating. Imperfect as is this attempt, when the original shall have left Savoy, it will give the object of his benevolence no small pleasure to contemplate it, as she recollects with gratitude all his goodness.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter JOANNA.*

JOANNA. ROSE.

JOAN. For ever poring, Rose. Did not our good friend say that so much drawing was bad for the eyesight?

ROSE. Look! look! I have been trying to draw his picture. Is it not very like? I am sure you *must* think it is.

JOAN. Indeed I cannot see much resemblance: if you are pleased with it, that is sufficient, my child.

ROSE. Is it not a great satisfaction to have the picture of those we esteem? You remember I took a sketch of *you* one day, I should like to have that of Monsieur de Jonville also in my pocket-book.

JOAN.

JOAN. Well, well, put away your drawing for the present ; I have something to say to you, which even Monsieur de Jonville does not know the particulars of. I am growing very old, Rose ; I cannot expect to live many years longer ; I feel myself daily getting more infirm ; yet while I have the entire possession of my faculties, there is a secret of some importance which I wish to communicate to you.

ROSE. I am all astonishment ! what subject can demand a confidence so solemn ?

JOAN. I must indeed surprise you, when I tell you, my Rose, you are not Joanna's daughter.

ROSE. Not ! Oh ! What do I hear ? You *are*, you must be my mother ; your tender care of me, your affection, *prove it*. Alas ! I have done something to forfeit these, and to punish me you say I am not your child.

JOAN. (*Embracing her.*) My affection you cannot lose. I am not so blessed as to be your mother, nor do I know the parent who can claim that blessing.

N

ROSE.

ROSE. Then you will be my mother still.

JOAN. Listen, my child, to your mysterious story. It is now twelve years since, and we resided then at our little farm near Bern, that walking one morning in a meadow adjoining our small habitation, I was startled with the feeble cries of an infant, and turning immediately to that side from whence the voice proceeded, I saw upon the grass a lovely little babe almost naked; I approached; it ceased crying, and with smiles seemed to demand my protection. Could I refuse it? No, my Rose, I promised, as I kissed your rosy lips, that if no intelligence could be procured of your own mother, to supply her place, and be a parent to you. At a little distance I found this picture; it seemed as if it had belonged to you, and that those who in all probability had stripped you of your clothes, let fall by accident this the most precious part of their treasure; to your care I now entrust it. I have no doubt of its being the portrait of your real mother,

ther, from whom you were unmercifully kidnapped.

ROSE. My mother! Alas! what may her sorrows have been! Should she be still living—— (*Ties the picture on her neck.*)

JOAN. Encourage not the hope. Grief for your loss has too probably deprived you of so dear a friend. Vain have been all enquiries. We removed soon after to a different part of Switzerland, and in two years after into Savoy, where our repeated researches have been also fruitless. But see our good Monsieur de Jonville is returned, and his smiles seem to bespeak some unusual satisfaction.

*Enter* MONSIEUR DE JONVILLE.

# SCENE V.

JOANNA. ROSE. MONS. DE JONVILLE.

DE JON. Good news is so heavy a burden for me to carry, Joanna, that I am come to throw a part of it upon your shoulders. The fact is this; I have spoken of your daughter to Madame de St. Pierre; I am come to fetch Rose; they are all impatient to see her at the château.

N 2

ROSE.



ROSE. Oh ! dear ! I shall be so ashamed to go before so many noble strangers.

DE JON. Take courage, my charming girl ; what have you to apprehend from two of the worthiest beings upon earth ? You know not the good fortune that awaits you.

ROSE. Suffer me to hope there is a portion of it for my mother. There can be *no good fortune, no happiness for Rose, which she does not partake of.*

## A I R.

Where's the pleasure worth possessing  
(Such as selfish minds approve)

If those partake not of the blessing,  
Who deserve our filial love ?

Tell her not of separate joy,

'Tis what Rose can never know ;

Single favours may destroy,

But enjoyment ne'er bestow.

DE JON. Fear not, Joanna shall be the sharer of all that awaits you. I must not be more explicit till all is settled. Let us hasten to the château ; we are expected.

JOAN. Should our fortune yet change  
for

for the better, it is to your exertions, I am sure, we must be indebted for it. Did I not always say this dear child would one day be rewarded for her goodness? The time is come. Let her be happy, and Joanna has no more to wish for.

*(Exeunt de Jonville, Rose, and Joanna.)*

SCENE VI.

*An open part of the country. Lisette crosses the stage, Josselin following her.*

Joss. A word with you, Lisette.

Lis. I've none to throw away upon you; I am in haste, and cannot stop to attend to nonsense.

Joss. Do not think to escape thus, I must speak with you. Do you know this letter?

Lis. That letter. How came you by it, Josselin?

Joss. Is it not directed to me? But that is little to the purpose. Chamont gave it me. You see it is signed with the name of Rose. Lisette, what a world of uneasiness have you occasioned that worthy girl.

Lis. What is it you mean? Is not that her own writing? She *wished* to meet you, no doubt.

Joss. So, so, you know its contents; 'twas you who wrote it, and I'll never believe to the contrary. Do not attempt to deny it; you know you *did*, wicked girl that you are.

Lis. Oh! Joffelin! how can you imagine such a thing!

Joss. I tell you 'tis the fact; do I not know how jealous you are of Rose? and does not that prove you capable of this?

Lis. Forgive me, Joffelin, and I will acknowledge all upon my knees to Rose. I know I have done wrong; I believe I have been troubled with the dreadful disorder of jealousy. Annette told me I had it, but I would not believe her. Indeed, Joffelin, you cannot think how it hurt me to see you so kind to Rose; I thought I had lost your regard for ever.

Joss. Silly girl! Have I not told you a score of times, of all our village lasses Lisette's the only one for my choice? Can she still doubt my constancy?

Lis.

LIS. No, nor ever will suffer herself to doubt of it again; but, Josselin, do you think Rose can ever pardon me for having wrote this nasty letter?

Joss. If you suppose she cannot, you know little of the goodness of her heart. Tell me how you could thus imitate her hand, for that surprised even herself.

LIS. She once wrote out for me a little song; I copied her hand from that, and her name from a note which was sent with it. Ashamed as I feel, I will go to Joanna's cottage, and endeavour to repair my fault by this confession.

Joss. The most commendable atonement you can make, and I will accompany you, dear Lifette. (*Exeunt Lifette and Josselin.*)

SCENE VII. *At the château.*

ST. PIERRE. MADAME DE ST. PIERRE.

MONSIEUR JONVILLE. ROSE.

MAD. ST. PIERRE. Come forward, my charming girl; your good friend has been speaking much in your favour, but I fear he has not done sufficient justice to your merits. Hereto he informs me you have



led a rustic life, and that you have never been weary of solitude.

ROSE. *Never*, Madam. My hours of employment were devoted to Joanna, and those of my leisure to drawing, and the study of such authors as had been provided for my instruction.

ST. PIERRE. And while thus living a stranger to the world you had only read of, have you never breathed a wish that fate had placed you in a situation to have partaken of its pleasures?

ROSE. I know not what *those* are; but I am sure there could be no *greater pleasures* for Rose than what our cottage afforded.

ST. PIERRE. A cottage life must have accustomed you to labour, and consequently have occasioned fatigue.

ROSE. I might have been sensible of that had I toiled for myself; but when a mother's circumstances required a daughter's *industry*, it was *delight* to labour.

MAD. (*Aside.*) Amiable child! (*Aloud.*) Prepared as I was from Monsieur de Jonville's description to feel a partiality for you,  
your

your presence has already heightened that partiality to attachment. In you I feel I could place unlimited confidence, and in your company find some consolation for my sorrow.

ROSE. *Sorrow!* did you say? I thought the poor could only experience that. Surrounded apparently with every blessing, can you have felt it?

MAD. Most *acutely*. I have lost *one* blessing—'tis true I still possess many, but cannot enjoy them; the recollection of that one clouds every happy prospect.

(*Weeps.*)

ROSE. (*Taking her hand.*) Oh! do not weep. I have often consoled a sorrowing parent, and I will be *your* comforter.

MAD. Can you then leave your solitude, and reside here, or go with me where our future fate may render necessary?

ROSE. Yes, I will do any thing for you.—Ah! what have I said? If I go away, Joanna will be wretched. Could I enjoy your favours, and the affluence in which you had placed me, when, in accepting these, I had made a parent miserable?

Forgive me—could I *do this*, I should be unworthy your regard.

MAD. Nor will I require such a sacrifice. I can too well imagine what she would feel deprived of you. I was too selfish.—A faint hope glanced through my mind, that in the goodness of your heart and affectionate manners I might have found some compensation for the loss of an only child. It is several years since, playing in the park adjoining our mansion, my lovely Isabel was stolen. With *you* I could almost imagine I had again possessed a daughter.

ROSE. Oh! think so still—perhaps—what hope am I encouraging! But *I* was lost.

MAD. YOU. How? WHERE? Oh! speak!

ROSE. Joanna can explain it all. It was but to-day she told me of it; related my strange story, and gave me this picture. (*Looking at the picture, and then at Madame de St. Pierre.*) 'Tis like, 'tis HER resemblance, and I have found her. YOU ARE, you must be my MOTHER. My FATHER too; I cannot be mistaken; my heart tells

me I have a father and a mother BOTH ALIVE.

ST. PIERRE. (*Taking the picture.*) Astonishment ! Our child, our Isabella found ! The very picture that was tied upon our infant's neck, my friend, the morning that we missed her. Her mother, to please her, was accustomed sometimes to indulge her with the wearing of it.

DE JON. My Rose, the daughter of St. Pierre !

ROSE. Thank him, my father, for all he has done 'for Rose, who has scarcely now one word to utter, so oppressed is her poor heart with gratitude and joy. (*Falls weeping upon her mother's neck.*)

MAD. My child ! My Isabella ! the present happiness almost o'erpowers my feeble reason.

DE JON. I too am so transported, that unless some one comes to share my felicity, I feel my poor senses stand a chance of being turned topsy turvy. — I'll fetch Joanna — Chamont. — With them let us divide the portion of happiness.

(*Going, meets a servant.*)

N 6

SCENE



## SCENE VIII.

SERVANT. Sir, there is an old peasant and two or three young villagers, who wish to speak to that young woman.

DE JON. Desire them to come in, I have your master's leave I am sure.

SERVANT. They will not enter the house, Sir; they say they wish to speak with her at the servant's gate only.

ST. PIERRE. Go, my friend; you will be able to prevail on them. 'Tis doubtless the worthy Joanna. (*Exit de Jonville.*)

My Constantia! My Isabella! (*Embracing them.*) When I arose this morning, could I have thought the day would have closed so joyfully! So mixed is the cup of life, that when we think we have taken to its last dregs the unsavory draught, *one* sweet drop may yet remain to drive from remembrance the bitter portion; for *that* let us offer up our gratitude to Heaven, and from the recollection of our sorrows henceforth learn, never to doubt of its mercies or its goodness to mankind.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

JOANNA. DE JONVILLE. LISETTE. JOSSELIN. ROSE. ST. PIERRE. MADAME DE ST. PIERRE. CHAMONT.

JOANNA. (*Behind the scenes.*) Indeed, Monsieur, I cannot appear in this trim before Madame de St. Pierre.

DE JON. And who will observe your gown, Joanna? We have so much to do with hearts at present, that I am sure these good people will not know the colour of it.

ST. PIÉRE. Welcome, my good woman, in any dress. Chamont and his friends too are welcome; it is a joyful day, and all must partake our felicity. (*Rose leads Joanna to Madame de St. Pierre.*)

MAD. Yes, Joanna, for in your Rose we have found a long lost daughter.

JOAN. Heaven be praised. I said her goodness would be rewarded.

CHA. Then I have lost a sister.

ROSE. But not a *friend*, Chamont; that I must and ever will be.

CHA. You are not Rose now; and can I expect

expect that Isabella de St. Pierre should interest herself in Chamont's welfare?

ROSE. And why not? Chamont, though no longer a brother, is still Chamont.

ST. PIERRE. Listen to me most deserving young man. I have heard much in your praise, and of those virtues which would give the most exalted station its greatest consequence: I feel with Isabella the tenderest interest in your welfare: this is my advice; pursue your studies a few years longer; devote a portion of your time to society, then, upon a further intercourse with the world, should your principles remain uncorrupted, and your preference still rest on the fair object of your first attachment, I shall be proud to change the name of friend into that of father, for you only will be worthy of my Isabella.

ROSE. I have now then only one care, and that *will* make me uneasy, notwithstanding all my happiness. I must leave this dear woman, who has been so long a parent to me.

MAD. No, Isabella; do you imagine I would desert the preserver of my child. I  
should

should ill repay her attentions to your helpless childhood, by separating her from the dear object of her maternal regard. We will live together, the sharers of our mutual felicity.

JOAN. What do I hear ! How shall I support this joy !

ST. PIERRE. Chamont shall also be provided for in whatever line his taste directs.

DE JON. So then, I am left an inactive spectator. I see I can be of no farther service to my friends at the château. Since this is the case, I must busy myself about little Charles and his mother. Remember, Isabella, I now take the whole charge of his education upon myself. I must be employed, and I have a genius which leads me to make those happy who deserve to be so.

Jos. Lifette, why do you not go to Mademoiselle de St. Pierre.

Lrs. Speak for me, Joffelin, I am so ashamed.

Jos. Lifette begged me, Madam, to ask  
you



you to forgive her having written that naughty letter.

ROSE. No more of that my good friend ; thus let (*Embracing Lisette.*) reconciliation banish every idea of former disagreeableness. My father, have you no occupation to dispose of which would suit the abilities of this good young man ?

ST. PIERRE. We will think of this hereafter ; all from whom you have received any kindness are entitled to our services.

DE JON. Let us then give a fête to the whole village, for she is loved throughout, and all its inhabitants have been kind to her, and I am sure she will have no objection thus to repay her obligations. The preparation will afford me an opportunity of displaying my taste for rural pleasures, in which Chamont, Lisette, and Josselin must assist me. We will have the pavilion illuminated, festoons of flowers hanging from the trees, music and dancing in different parts of the garden, while the festive song of the peasants shall add to the charms of this our elysium.

AIR.

Cheerful songs, in sprightly measure,  
Shall the rural band employ;  
Merry tabors, tun'd to pleasure,  
Sound the universal joy.

ROSE.

Ah! let the grateful tear express  
The rapture of the heart,  
And paint the genuine happiness  
No language can impart.

JOAN.

Old and feeble tho' I seem,  
Yet I'll join the dance to-morrow;  
Welcome life's last sunny gleam,  
That dispels the cloud of sorrow.

LIS.

Ne'er let the village maid repine,  
For happy is her fate,  
Since holidays and ease combine  
To cheer the lowly state.

JOSS.

By such bright examples shewn,  
What is worth and merit's due,  
Let us make that bliss our own,  
Virtue ever may renew.

CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

Cheerful songs, in sprightly measure,  
 Shall the rural band employ;  
 Merry tabors, tun'd to pleasure,  
 Sound the universal joy.

## END OF THE THIRD ACT.

---

 CHAP. XXIII.

CLARA and Emmiline slept longer than usual the following morning, and when they entered the breakfast parlour, were surprised to see their mamma and Agnes very busy at work.

“What are you making, my dear mamma?” said Emmiline; “how pretty this is.”

MADAME. “Does it become little folk to be inquisitive?”

EMMILINE. “No, mamma, I would not be inquisitive, only I should like to know *why* you are so busy.”

CLARA. “Cannot we assist you?”

MADAME. “No, my dear; but as I know

know how painful curiosity is at your age, I will tell you what we are about."

"Will you, dear mamma?" interrupted Emmiline, dancing about; "how good you are."

MADAME. "Well then, Dupont and Louisa are to be married to-day; I have a mind to present the amiable girl with a new dress, and we arose early to finish it. Knowing that you were up later than usual last night, I did not order any one to call you this morning."

CLARA. "Oh! dear! how I should like to see her in this dress! May we not go and make them a visit, mamma?"

MADAME. "There is no occasion for that, they will be here in a few hours; there is to be a little entertainment. De Livré is going to give a dinner and a dance to such of his neighbours as can get here; for you know many of them live at a great distance; but those whose health will not permit them to come so far will have every thing sent them that is good."

EMMILINE. "A dinner—a dance! Clara, and we had not the least idea of it."

Why



Why did you not tell us of it before, mamma?"

MADAME. "Because you would have thought too much about it, and have been inattentive to your business; as you could not assist in the preparations, it was not necessary to inform you about them; and I knew that an agreeable surprise, instead of lessening, would increase the pleasures of the day."

Agnes, as soon as the dress was completed, (which consisted of a worked muslin gown and petticoat) went to present it to the bride, who, on her return from church, accompanied by Dupont, his family, and a number of villagers, visited De Livré's hospitable dwelling. The old man welcomed them with tears of joy; Madame de St. Claire affectionately congratulated the happy couple, and when all were seated, under pretence of asking his opinion on some improvements De Livré had made, she took Dupont into an adjoining apartment, and putting into his hand a small sealed packet, thus addressed him: "Allow me to contribute to your felicity, by  
doing

doing for the loveliest of women what a parent would have done, had he lived to have seen her yours. Louisa had once a fortune. Take this little marriage portion: would I were able to make it equal to that which her birth entitled her to expect; yet, trifle as it is, you must not refuse to accept it. Accept it as a proof of my esteem for you both. I request you will keep it a secret from all but your wife. Come, let us return to the company; I will have no kneeling—no tears to-day. (Observing how much her kindness had affected him.) May you experience every joy, every satisfaction this world can afford.”

The day of Dupont and Louisa's nuptials was, perhaps, one of the pleasanterest Madame de St. Claire had ever passed with her good friend. Surrounded by so many, to whom their liberality had renewed the prospect of happiness, they could not but partake the general rapture it had excited.

The following evening being tempestuous, the children were content to remain  
at

at home, and talk over the festive scenes of the preceding day. The next proving fine, they accompanied De Livré and Madame to the mount, where they pursued their astronomical observations and instructive converse till night had deepened the softer shades of twilight, and warned them of its being time to return. It was with regret the children left this favourite retreat, where they had so often listened with delight to the conversations of their friend, or renewed their studies; for in all probability they would not have the pleasure of revisiting the mount for a twelve-month, the following morning being fixed on for their departure from the cottage.

By six o'clock the carriage was at the gate, when De Livré once more took an affectionate leave of the worthy family, who received his promise to undertake a journey to the villa the ensuing spring, if his health permitted; and the hope of seeing him in the course of a few months in some measure softened the pain of separation. On the evening of the second day after they had left the humble dwelling,

they

they found themselves again at the mansion of De Courci.

In less than a fortnight after their return, Madame de St. Claire received a letter from a distant relation, who with his family were come to reside in Switzerland, requesting her to favour them with her company for a few days. She would willingly have excused herself, no place having in her estimation the pleasures of home, nor any society the charm that her children afforded; but having no real apology to offer, she accepted the invitation, and the young people were delighted with the thoughts of accompanying her. They had never seen their cousins, and promised themselves every gratification from the visit. But the family of Monsieur Duvernier was very different from that of Madame de St. Claire. The children were ignorant and ungovernable, and the parents foolishly indulgent; unhappy if they were out of their sight for a single moment, although their presence seemed to put every thing in disorder wherever they were.

The



The family consisted of two daughters and a son. The eldest of the former was thirteen, and the second eleven. The boy had just entered his twelfth year. They were handsome, but a pleasing exterior was all they had to boast of; for their minds were entirely uninformed, and too often the regularity of their features were distorted by obstinacy or ill-humour.

From the moment of Madame de St. Claire's arrival till bed time nothing was to be heard but the insignificant prattle of these froward children. It was in vain their parents endeavoured to render them quiet; they paid not the least attention to their commands. Madame Duvernier was surprised at the pleasing manners and good behaviour of the children of Madame de St. Claire. "What would I give to see mine as tractable!" said she, "they worry me to death. I have been endeavouring these two years to persuade Monsieur Duvernier to have a governess and a tutor for them. He says it is time enough; but I am sure they are beyond my management. I am obliged to be quite angry, nay, almost  
put

put myself in a passion, before I can get them to obey me in the least trifle." "And I," replied Madame de St. Claire, "have never yet found cause to be really displeased with mine, longer than half an hour in my life. I have taught them to consider me as a friend, not as an austere tyrannic parent. They consult me on every occasion, and I have the satisfaction of observing they do this with pleasure, and of their own accord. To incur my anger, is regarded as the greatest misfortune that can befall them. They are not faultless, but are soon made sensible of their errors; and I hope their affection for me, will in time enable them entirely to correct their failings."

The conversation was here interrupted by the sudden entrance of the miss Duvernies, whom, but a few minutes before, their mother had ordered to conduct Clara and Emmiline to the apartment allotted them. The eldest, running up to her mamma, exclaimed, in a voice like thunder, "Mamma, will you speak to Adelaide; she has beat me so, because I desired her to make

O

haste

haste and get to bed, for I did not like sleeping in that great room at the top of the house. I cannot go up again, I am sure I cannot; I shall die with fright, I must stay here till *you* go to bed." "I will see whether you shall do that," said the father, taking up a large horsewhip which stood in a corner of the room; "go up *directly*, or you shall feel the weight of this." It was by such harsh methods alone, that these children had been taught obedience. The young ladies, after giving way to their passion in a flood of tears, left the parlour with as much precipitation as they had entered it. Madame de St. Claire, after their departure, could not forbear expressing her disgust at the scene she had witnessed, and endeavoured to persuade the mistaken parents to have recourse to milder treatment, but they were not less obstinate than the children, who had been spoiled by their improper indulgence. Over such dispositions, it was not likely that argument could avail much. After many fruitless attempts to convince them of the impropriety of their conduct, Madame was obliged

to leave them to their ignorance and the absurdity of their opinions; resolving to make her stay as short as possible in a mansion, the manners of whose inhabitants were so opposite to every thing that was amiable. The following morning, after breakfast, Master Duvernier proposed shewing his cousins all their curiosities, and for this purpose conducted them into a large play-room, where, among other scenes of cruelty, was exhibited an owl tied by its leg to the table, and struggling to get free. Henry no sooner saw its distress than he ran towards it, and was going to set it at liberty. Master Duvernier exclaimed, "Oh! do not untie it! if it gets loose, it will fly away." "Poor thing," cried Henry, "how can you take pleasure in torturing it? You or I should not like to be fastened to a table all day long." "Pshaw! what of that? We are not birds. Papa bought it for me to play with." "And do you not think it cruel to confine it, since even the meanest insect is not less sensible of pain than we are?"

DUVERNIER. "I do not think whether  
O 2 it



it is cruel or not. I have these things to afford me diversion, and never trouble myself to think of that. Papa is very good to us in this respect; we had once this room almost full of live creatures, but we forgot to feed them, and then they died. But come and look at our dormice. Are they not beautiful little creatures? Sometimes I put them into this box, and keep them several days in my pocket; they will sleep for weeks together, and this is very comfortable, for then one has not the plague of giving them any thing to eat. Do you see those two wooden waggons? Oh! we have such fun with them, we make the puppies draw them about the court-yard for an hour together, heavily loaded too with stones, and whatever we can pick up, and if they dare to stand still, give them such a cut with this whip—a pretty little whip! is it not?”

HENRY. “Yes, give it me, I will make a better use of it, Duvernier. I would use it when I ride on horseback, but then it would be with mercy.”

DUVERNIER. “No, no, I cannot give it  
you,

you, the puppies will not go 'on well two yards without it. But come this way, you have not seen the prettiest sight of all. Here on this table is a collection of butterflies. We pin them on while alive to this white paper; for you know to crush them to death would rub off all their pretty colours."

EMMILINE. "While they are *alive*! Barbarous boy!"

DUVERNIE. "Yes, you shall see; there is one now in the window, I will have him in a moment; now for it."

EMMILINE. "Indeed you must not, (ready to cry) I cannot bear to see such cruelty."

HENRY. "Come, come, shew us something else, and let the poor fly alone, at least till we are gone."

DUVERNIE. "I don't know what to shew you—we do not seem to have any thing you like—let me think——"

(Whilst he is ruminating, Emmeline throws up the sash, and the butterfly escapes.)

EMMILINE. (Capering about) "It is gone!  
O 3

gone ! it is gone !—How glad I am I have saved its life !”

DUVERNIE. “ What is gone ?”

CLARA. “ The butterfly.”

DUVERNIE. “ How provoking ; I may be the whole day seeking for such another ; I wish, cousin, you would have left it alone.”

HENRY. “ Well, do not grieve yourself any more about it, find us some better entertainment, for we have no desire to be present at the execution even of a poor harmless fly. Have you no drawings, no shells, no medals, to shew us ?”

DUVERNIE. “ Oh ! no ; a gentleman once gave us a parcel of shells, but I know not what became of them ; very stupid amusement I think, that of looking over these kind of things ; and then, as to drawing, it is very pretty for those who can do it, but I have no patience ; if I cannot do any thing like my copy in five minutes, I tear and throw it into the fire.”

Clara and Emmeline, disgusted with their companions, proposed a walk in the garden, which was cheerfully complied with ;  
but

but here they were disgusted at the disorder which seemed to reign around them. "Have you a good gardener?" said Henry, "your flower beds do not seem to be kept in such nice order as mamma's."—"Oh! a very *good* one, and three labourers beside," replied Miss Duvernier, "but papa is always making a racket about the garden; Robert will drive his puppies over the borders; it is a pity, to be sure, and costs papa a great deal of money. Old Colin tells me very often, he is tired of endeavouring to keep it neat; and well he may, for my brother very often brings his rabbits and his pigs here to play with."

Notwithstanding the state of derangement every thing appeared in, the young people passed an hour or two very pleasantly; and it was here Miss Duvernier informed them, that her brother expected some friends to pass the afternoon with him. "I wish I could persuade them to come into the garden, and play with us," she cried, "but I know they will think themselves above it. They hate to be considered as children; they will do nothing



but play at cards; Robert generally loses, and he is so out of humour when they are gone, nobody dares to speak to him, not even papa and mamma."

HENRY. "What, then, are you permitted to play for money?"

MISS DUVERNIE. "Certainly; neither my brother nor I would play if we were not. You do not surely take us for two babies, who sit down to be amused by giving one card for another?"

CLARA. "I am sure then Henry will not be of your party, for mamma would be extremely displeased were he to play for money. I could read you a charming little drama she wrote for us on this subject. I believe I have it in my letter-case."

MISS DUVERNIE. "Oh do, and we will sit down in this harbour. I love to hear any one read, though I hate the trouble of it myself."

"You may amuse yourselves as you please," said Master Duvernie, "but I own I wonder what entertainment you can derive from hearing another person read. I am going to the stables, Henry, to see our

new

new coach-horses, and the pretty poney that papa bought the other day. Come, cousin, do not mind these stupid girls, come along."

MISS DUVERNIE. "You are very unpolite, brother, to leave us. You had better stay and hear the pretty story Clara is going to read. I dare to say it contains an excellent lesson for you."

This part of his sister's speech was not heard by young Duvernier. Already were he and Henry several paces off. Clara, with Emmiline and their companions, placed themselves in the arbour, where she read aloud the following drama.

## CHAP. XXV.

## THE LITTLE GAMESTER:

A Drama, in two Acts.

## Persons.

Master BENSON.		Mrs. VALANCOUR.
CHARLES VALAN-		EMILY.
COUR.		

SCENE I.—*A parlour. Master Benson and Charles at cards.*

BENSON. An ace; you must give me four.

CHARLES. (*Counting them reluctantly.*) One—two—three—four.—Oh! I have not a single knave to save me: the game is your's.

BENSON. It is so, and fixpence that we played for.

CHARLES. Was ever any thing so unfortunate! This is the sixth you have won, and my last. (*Giving him the money.*)—(*Aside to Emily.*) How provoking!

EMILY. Why did you play for money?  
Did

Did not mamma desire that you would not?

BENSON. Come, come, let's have another game. Fortune may perhaps be more kind; I am sure we played fair.

CHARLES. I believe it; but if you win this also, what have I to pay you with? Mamma will be angry if I change my crown-piece.

BENSON. Pshaw! How will she know it? Some of the servants will change it for you, no doubt, if you ask them; beside, the game may be your's. You make as much fuss about losing two or three pences as if you had lost as many guineas. Why, Bob Sharp and I frequently play for half crowns, and I sometimes lose four or five of a night. Come, let us play again.

EMILY. Permit me to advise you not, brother; you know it would displease mamma; do you not remember how much she said to us on the subject the other day? Besides, should you lose, how unhappy it will make you to part with the present our dear aunt was so kind as to make you!



BENSON. Unhappy misf! Then he would be a foolish boy. I suppose it was given him to do what he liked with.

EMILY. Certainly, but not to be made an improper use of. (*Afide to Charles.*) Do, dear Charles, let me persuade you.

CHARLES. Be quiet, Emily; I want no more of your advice.

BENSON. That's right; do not let the pert admonitions of a sister govern your actions. You'll play—will you not?

CHARLES. I will.

EMILY. Fie, brother; is then mamma's displeasure of so little consequence to you?

CHARLES. It is no business of your's, Emily; I have lost my money, and am resolved to play till I get some of it again. (*They engage. Emily leans on her brother's chair, and looks at him with great anxiety, saying frequently, I fear you will lose, brother.*) Fortune does not seem much to favour me; I will try again. (*They continue playing; Benson wins several games.*)

CHARLES. (*Rising.*) I have lost, indeed! Cruel fortune! what shall I do?

EMILY. Imprudent boy! Why would you

you not be advised? I am younger it is true; yet, had you followed my persuasions this would not have happened.

CHARLES. (*Taking out his purse.*) Do Emily, try if you can get this crown changed. It was the gift of my dear aunt, yet it must go. I have nothing to save it. Oh! that I had followed a good parent's counsel, and never played for money!

EMILY. Keep it, my dear brother, your debt is not so large but I can discharge it. Give this half crown to your friend, and promise me never to contract another.

CHARLES. Excuse me, Emily, this money I know you have long laid apart for the purchase of a new book. My folly, indeed, must not deprive you of it.

EMILY. Since you will not accept it, I must present it to master Benson. (*Gives the money to Benson, who with a profound bow puts it into his pocket.*) And now, my dear Charles, be assured, *that* concern for your fault, which your countenance betrays at this moment, gives me more pleasure than any book I could have purchased. In it I read your sorrow, and your reformation.

(*Exit Emily.*)

BENSON. That sister of your's is a kind girl, Charles.

CHARLES. *She is* ; and her kindness distresses me, for I feel how unworthy I am of this last proof of it.

BENSON. Nonsense ! why be such a fool as to let what has passed give you a moment's uneasiness ?

CHARLES. Did I deserve what she has done for me, it would not, but I have been a very wicked boy in disobeying mamma. My sister too—she was going to buy the Flowers of Ancient History to-morrow, and it will not be in my power to repay by that time what I owe her, and then mamma will be so displeased with me.

BENSON. How should she know any thing of the matter, unless you appear before her with that demure visage, like the knight of the sorrowful countenance ? I protest, Charles, you are quite ridiculous ; a mere baby ; ready to cry for fear mamma should be angry, and because you have disappointed your sister of buying a new book : whereas a boy of spirit would laugh at this, and court again the favours of fortune.

tune. Who knows but another trial may be propitious? At least, you would have a chance of paying part of what you owe your sister, since the thought of being in debt is so afflicting to you.

CHARLES. May it ever be so. I should think myself a monster were I capable of retaining what is another's due without remorse. I know not how it is, I sat down to cards for amusement, but they have not procured me the slightest satisfaction. I have disobeyed the best of parents; it is this that stifles every sensation of pleasure. Yet, were I sure of being successful, I *would* try again—Emily must be repaid—but if I lose—I dare not hazard it.

BENSON. Pshaw! your sister is not here now to see you; and surely if she was, you are not so scrupulous as to mind her. We might have a charming game in her absence, not that I should care for her a straw if she was here, were I in your place. Come, listen to what I am going to propose. I will even stake the whole I have won of you, and if you should be so unfortunate as to lose,



lose, will only ask for that pretty purse you drew out of your pocket just now, without its contents. I would not for the world take the valuable *dear* crown-piece you are so fond of. Come, let us change the game. What do you say to cribbage?

CHARLES. Since I *must* play, what you please. (*Sits down to the card table; for the first two or three deals they are nearly equal.*) Should I have the good fortune to be able to pay Emily, how happy should I be! (*They deal again; after Charles has counted his hand, Benson says,*) Stay, my good friend, what have we here? Fifteen four, fifteen six, fifteen eight, and six, (the queens you see) are fourteen, I am up—just up. Unlucky, faith, since you were within so few of me! However, it cannot be helped. Come, my good fellow, the purse we agreed for you know—debts of honour must always be settled.

CHARLES. (*Sighing.*) We did agree for it; yet I would rather it had been for any thing else. This purse, (*taking it from his pocket*) my dear Emily worked and presented to me on my recovery from inoculation:

lation; but fairly won, it is your's (*Giving it*), and may you make a better use of it than I have. (*Retires, and bursts into tears.*)

*Enter Servant.*

SERVANT. Master Benson's servant is come. (*Exit footman.*)

BENSON. I will not keep him a moment. Good night, my dear friend—do not cry—poor boy!—poor dear little fellow! I cannot help smiling though, to think how odd it was I should be so provokingly fortunate. Don't grieve, don't afflict yourself; it could not be helped; I'll take particular care of the favourite purse, be assured I will; sweet, pretty little bauble!—Adieu! now don't lament it—don't cry.

(*Exit Benson.*)

CHARLES.

How miserable I am! but what can disobedience expect? Shame and unhappiness are its consequences. Never till this moment did I dread a mother's presence. Why was I persuaded to play again? I might have saved my purse. Emily, my dear Emily, I fear, cannot love me after  
such

such imprudence; I must not let her know of it; yet how conceal it? It will be the first time in my life I ever attempted to deceive any one—and the best of sisters; no, it is not to be done. (*Weeps.*)—This day, in which I promised myself so much pleasure, how void of any has it passed! A mother's kind indulgence would not even direct my choice in a play-fellow. On this my birth-day, no restraint was laid on my inclinations; I fixed on Benson. 'Till this day I thought him my friend; but where is now my esteem for him? His pernicious advice has rendered me criminal; but in saying this, perhaps, I wrong him. It was, I fear, my own vile inclinations that led me on. Why was I not affected by the tender admonitions of a sister? How have I repaid her kindness! Even parted from her present, which I have so often declared should never be given away. How wretched this thought makes me! I, that used to fly with rapture to meet the most affectionate of mothers, now tremble at her approach. If she sees I have been weeping, it will give her

her pain, and the cause of all my sorrows must be disclosed ; for I am not quite so lost to what is right, as to assert a falsehood. I will retire through this door into the garden, from thence to my favourite arbour, and there endeavour to compose myself in that loved retreat, where I had passed so many hours of uninterrupted tranquillity ; but they were hours of innocence ; the present, clouded with guilt, can produce only shame and remorse, the fruits of my imprudence. *(Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

---

CHAP. XXVI.

ACT II.

*Scene changes to an arbour. Charles discovered sitting pensively. Emily enters, runs up to him, carrying a little basket in her hand.*

EMILY. Look, my dear brother, how do you like this basket ?

CHARLES.



CHARLES. (*Endeavouring to be chterful.*) It is exceedingly pretty.

EMILY. I am *glad* you think so, I made it on purpose for you. You were complaining the other day you had not any thing to put your strawberries in when you had gathered them; I therefore desired the gardener to procure me some twigs of willow, with which I made this. You look serious, my dear Charles; if you dislike it, I dare to say I can make another, perhaps a better; at least I will try.

CHARLES. (*Sighing.*) No, that you shall not, my dear sister; this is by far too good for me.

EMILY. You must not say so, brother; I am sensible it might have been better done; but as a first attempt, a token of my affection, and a wish to please you, I hoped you would accept it. (*Embracing him.*)

CHARLES. (*Weeps.*) I do accept it, my dear Emily; and I will take better care of it than I have of——

EMILY. Of what, dear Charles? What can thus distress you?

CHARLES. I know not how to inform you;

you, Emily ; yet I have a heart that detests deception. You must hear of it—but your displeasure——

EMILY. Why do you think of that ? you know I am no longer displeased with you. What means this emotion ?—these tears ? What can have happened ? Oh ! tell me, I beseech you.

CHARLES. Well, then, notwithstanding your well-meant caution, I played again ; believe me, only allured by the hope of being able to return what you so generously lent me ; but fortune was still adverse.—Oh ! my sister, I lost.

EMILY. Alas ! what did you play for ?

CHARLES. Benson knowing I had not a farthing left, except the crown-piece, which I was resolved not to part with, proposed, if I lost, the little purse you gave me should—be—his. (*sobbing.*)

EMILY. Well, do not let this afflict you ; I will rise early to-morrow, and begin netting you a new one ; yet I am extremely concerned that, whatever was your motive, you should be induced to play again. But you are too good, too sensible  
of

of it, I am sure, to relapse into the same error again, even at the persuasions of a friend. (*Mrs. Valancour at a distance crosses the stage, with a small packet in her hand.*) I see mamma coming this way—run behind those trees, my dear Charles; you know, if she sees you have been crying, it will make her very uneasy; be cheerful, I beg of you. (*She retires, meeting her mamma.*) Where are you going, my dear mamma?

MRS. VALANCOUR. Only to the gate, my love, with this trifle for a poor woman, who from her own account has met with extraordinary misfortunes. Affected by her distress, I went in to look up these things for herself and famished infants. Lucy is following with some provisions for them.

EMILY. May I go with you?

MRS. VALANCOUR. By all means; I never yet made a donation of this kind but in the presence of my children; for scenes like these give more impressive lessons of humanity and benevolence than all that can be said by men or books upon the  
the

the subject. But where is my darling boy ? His little hand was ever ready the first to relieve the sorrows of the unfortunate.

EMILY. I will go and call him, mamma.

MRS. VALANCOUR. Do so, my dear ; you will soon run and overtake us. (*Emily goes towards the arbour.*)

*Scene changes to a gate at the farthest end of the garden. The beggar woman and children without. While Mrs. Valancour is giving the things, Emily and Charles come up to her. Charles eagerly taking his mother's hand, says :*

Mamma, will you be so kind to lend me something to give this poor wanderer ?

MRS. VALANCOUR. Certainly, my love. (*Mrs. Valancour, Emily, and Charles give money to the poor woman, who, after blessing them for their charity, leave the gate. As they return towards the house, Mrs. Valancour says :*

Your conduct, my son, rather surprises me ; it is the first time, since I allowed you a weekly allowance, that I have seen you borrow money ; but, perhaps, I am  
going



going to judge too hastily ; you may have met with objects before this poor woman related her tale of sorrows. Their misfortunes might have been more pathetically told. Your little heart bled, perhaps, at their sufferings, and you gave to their distress all you could command. (*Charles sobbing, hides his face in his sister's bosom.*)

CHARLES. Oh ! mamma, I dare not look at you : you are too good ; it is not to the poor or the distressed I have given. Oh ! no—I have been very naughty, indeed I have.

MRS. VALANCOUR. What have you done, my son ?

CHARLES. I tremble to tell you ; yet I am sure you would be more displeased were I to tell you a lie, or seek to conceal my fault.

MRS. VALANCOUR. This candour leads me to hope you have not committed any great crime.

CHARLES. Indeed I have ; for, oh ! disobedience is not amongst the number of trifling failings. Oh ! my dear mamma, I never was so unhappy in my life.

MRS. VALANCOUR. What, my dear child, can make you thus miserable?

CHARLES. My own ingratitude. You left me and Benson at cards, with a strict injunction not to play for money; but scarcely had you left us, when he proposed it, endeavouring to persuade me there could be no harm in it. At length I consented, lost all my little stock, and more, which Emily generously paid for me. Not content with this, we engaged again. My sister was not present. Again I *lost*, and, to defray my debt, have parted with the purse she made for me. The crown I would not dispose of, but believe I should not have felt more had he even won that, than I do now. (*Weeps.*)

EMILY. Oh! look not so displeased, my dear mamma. He will not, I am sure, repeat a fault of this nature: it was at the persuasion of a loved companion that he played so long.

MRS. VALANCOUR. So are sometimes whole families ruined, by the artful counsels of ill-chosen friends. I am, indeed, greatly displeased, and tremble to think

P

Charles,

Charles, that should this love of gain, this spirit of deep play, increase with your years, you will become a perfect gamester. How many have been rendered miserable for life by this detestable character! Ought not a mother's heart to ache, when she beholds the strong propensity of an only son to this horrid vice, of him who has already played for money, contrary to all her admonitions? (*During this speech, Charles falls down upon his knees, and looks in the most supplicating manner at Mrs. Valancour.*) Can I, my son, have any farther dependance on your word? Your disobedience shocks me. Your imprudence has not only deprived you of my esteem, but of the noblest pleasure the human heart can enjoy—that of relieving from your own purse the sorrows of the distressed. You have also incurred the dishonour of being in debt, both to your sister and me. Thus the love of play leads from one extremity to another, till poverty and ruin are the consequence. At the age of ten years you have, by not following my advice, made yourself a bankrupt. So  
early

early led into the paths of error, what may I in future expect from a conduct so reproachable! I shudder, lest the increase of years should render it such as even a mother cannot pardon. (*Emily raising him.*)

EMILY. Mamma, since I am sure you cannot like Master Benson, who has made my brother so naughty, why did you permit him to be invited to-day?

MRS. VALANCOUR. To teach your brother a lesson which I hope he will never forget: I observed he displayed a particular attachment to Charles, who returned his attentions with *real* affection. I who knew his character, wished to shew my son how unworthy he was of this; but artless himself, I could not bring him to suspect the little hypocrite. I observed, with inexpressible concern, the taste which he had inspired him with, for the most detestable of all vices. To cure him of this, I permitted him to-day to make choice of a playmate, almost assured Benson would be the one he would like to invite. I gave them cards, and purposely left the room, that Charles might have an opportunity of dis-



covering the true character of his supposed friend, whose parents, I am sorry to affirm, are people of the most dissolute morals; who have taken no care to instruct him beyond the expertest method of cheating, or dividing a pack of cards. What is your opinion of Benson now, Charles? Is that person our friend, whose counsels and opinions render us miserable, and teach us to deviate from the paths of duty?

CHARLES. Oh! no, dear mamma; I am now convinced those only are our real friends, who point out to us our failings, and who instruct us in the method to amend them. I fear I have offended almost past forgiveness; yet I would wish you to be again my friend. *Will* you, my good mother? Henceforth I will be guided on every occasion by your advice, and never again disobey you. Had I given up all acquaintance with this wicked boy sooner, and believed him, such as you from the first of our intimacy represented him to me, I should now have been happy; I should have possessed your esteem, the approbation of my own heart, and my MOTHER would

§

have

have been my FRIEND. (*Turns and looks tenderly upon her.*)

MRS. VALANCOUR. Believe me, I am as much so as ever, at this moment. Consider me in future as your *truest* friend, and you will not fail of being happy. Who can discharge the duties of that office so well as an affectionate parent, who, even while employed in the painful task of correction, feels her heart make a thousand excuses for the frailties of youth? Remember, my son, in the happiness of her children is centered that of a mother. Every deviation of their's from what is right, fills her with a thousand terrors. Their disobedience is a dagger to her bosom. Think what are her *cares*, her apprehensions! (*Charles interrupting her.*) I feel them *all*, in your anxiety for me. Oh! how wicked have I been, to give you so much pain! Indeed I had not done it, could I have thought what would have been your sufferings, dear, dear mamma.—Will you not look at me? Believe me, my conduct shall never more give you cause for uneasiness. (*Kneeling.*) Forgive me this once—do not weep. It is

I who have occasioned these tears, what anguish do they give me ! I cannot--indeed I cannot bear to see you thus distressed. (*Sobs.*)

MRS. VALANCOUR. (*Raising him.*) I will believe you my child, and in this embrace be all your errors forgotten. If not repeated, they shall never be mentioned to you again. This sincere contrition, shews you are worthy of being owned my son ; and may the incidents of this day preserve you in future from the feigned friendship of the hypocrite, and leave in your tender heart a fixed and permanent aversion to the dangerous and destructive character of a gamester !

EMILY. Kiss me too, dear mamma, I am so glad my dear brother is forgiven ; I cannot bear any thing should distress him. When you are displeased, his little eyes lose all their vivacity.

MRS. VALANCOUR. I embrace you both, my children. May you ever cherish those sentiments, which will render you the ornament of society, for such will make you dearer to me than I have power to express,

press, and contribute to your own happiness, as much as to that of an affectionate parent.

(*Exeunt.*)

END OF THE DRAMA.

---

C H A P. XXVII.

“WHAT a charming drama,” said Miss Duvernier, “and how delightfully you have read it.”

EMMILINE. “Yes, mamma *says* Clara reads very well, she writes too so neatly, and sometimes makes such pretty verses. I have some in my pocket which she wrote on being awoken with her bullfinch’s singing. Mamma does not allow us to keep birds, but this was found in the garden quite young, and we imagine the nest that it fell from had been taken by some boys. Shall I repeat them to you?”

MISS DUVERNIER. “Do, I should like much to hear them.”

[Emmiline then took from her pocket-book a paper, and read as follows:]

P 4

LINES



## LINES

## TO A BULLFINCH,

*On being awoke with his singing.*

---

Soon as in eastern clime, approaching morn  
Breaks from the spangled train of ebon night,  
While yet the dew-drop quivers on the thorn,  
And e're the distant landscape meets my sight.

While still remote in mist the vallies lie,  
Still hid in dusky vest the mountains steep,  
Or orient day-light wid'ning on the sky;  
Thy tune, sweet warbler, breaks the charm of sleep.

Sweet sounds! that early thus salute mine ear,  
Breath'd louder at command the welcome note;  
It is my Bully's voice so soft and clear,  
For me my Bully strains her little throat.

Sweet bird, the most belov'd of all thy kind,  
The treasure dearest to my youthful heart;  
Tho' here within the gilded cage confin'd,  
N'er hast thou wish'd the prison to depart?

Ah! no—when boys the sister nestlings took,  
Here wast thou fed, here cherish'd all day long;  
'Twas here thy feather'd pinions first were shook,  
And heard the warble of thy mimic song.

Live then ador'd, and breathe the freshest air,  
Here be provision, safety, peace thine own;  
Nor ever seek abroad thro' danger's snare  
The path of liberty thou'lt never known.

What,

What, tho' around is heard the linnet's song,  
 Or oft the choicest blackbirds whistle near;  
 Does equal pleasure to their strains belong,  
 As to thy tones that I with rapture hear?

Ah! no—then ever thus at rising day,  
 Or when mild eve with tresses dipt in dew,  
 Comes lightly dancing on the twilight ray,  
 To please thy friend, the welcome sounds renew.

Then hither come, and pluck the offer'd feed.  
 And on my finger smooth thy silken breast;  
 Here unmolested on the groundsel feed,  
 Or peck the cherry that shall please thee best.

Welcome, sweet charge, to all my cares provide,  
 My garden's finest fruits to thee belong;  
 And as thy little wants are thus supplied,  
 Be mine the pleasing recompense, a song.

MISS DUVERNIE. "They are extremely pretty; I wish I could read as well as you do; but papa will not let us have a governess."

CLARA. "And cannot you improve yourselves without one; we have no governess, mamma instructs us."

MISS DUVERNIE. "Your mamma has more patience than our's, I dare to say; if we do not like to do a thing immediately as she wishes us, she is so out of humour."

EMMILINE. "And do you oblige her to speak more than *once* to you?"

MISS DUVERNIE. "Oh! yes, often five or six times, if I want to finish what I am about."

EMMILINE. "It is no wonder then that she speaks crossly to you; a parent's wishes ought to be in every instance immediately obeyed. Consider, my dear cousin, that all our attentions, all that we can do for them, is very inadequate for what they have done for us."

CLARA. "I am sure if you thought of these things, Adelaide, you would not so often suffer passion and obstinacy to get the better of you."

MISS DUVERNIE. "Why, I do sometimes set a resolution to behave well; but, am sorry to say, I cannot keep to it. I would give any thing to be like you."

CLARA. "If there is any thing praiseworthy in my conduct, I am indebted to my dear mamma for it. I fear I have given her a great deal of trouble, for till within these few months I was fullen, haughty, and ill-humoured; and when we  
first

first came into Switzerland, I could find no pleasure in any thing. I regretted the gaieties of Paris ; and books were then my aversion."

MISS DUVERNIE. " And how have you managed to correct all these faults in so short a time ?"

CLARA. " It was my affection for the best of parents, that induced me to labour at improvement ; I saw the uneasiness my conduct gave her, and her continual endeavours to make me happy ; and since to be good was the only way I could contribute to her felicity, I resolved to become so. She would frequently read aloud select passages from the best authors, explain them to us, and make observations. This insensibly inspired me with a taste for that rational amusement, which can render the deepest solitude agreeable."

MISS DUVERNIE. " But are you not sometimes very dull at the villa ? If you like books ever so well you cannot read always."

EMMILINE. " Nor do we. We have a thousand ways to procure amusement. Music fills up no small portion of our  
P 6 time,



time, then work, riding on horseback, our gardens, the green-house, the hot-houses ; these ever afford us a variety of entertainment."

MISS DUVERNIE. " And are these all your diversions ?"

CLARA. " No ; there is one superior to *all*, but I must not call it by the name of diversion : it is a sensation of DELIGHT ; I cannot describe it to you, but were you to visit with us the cottages of the poor, you would feel it ; where to relieve the pains of the sick, and the wants of the indigent, unfolds at once the secret of happiness, and shews that the most exalted pleasures of humanity are centered in benevolence."

MISS DUVERNIE. " And do you really always accompany your mamma into the dirty huts of the cottagers ?"

CLARA. " Always ; we *all* go with her."

MISS DUVERNIE. " Our mother would not suffer us to go into such places. In very frosty weather, or when we hear any of them are ill, she sends money, and what is comfortable to them. She would not

not go herself for the world, I am sure. I hate even to meet the village children in the road; they are so dirty, so ill-behaved, so vulgar."

EMMILINE. "Mamma has established a little school in our neighbourhood, where the poor children are supported and educated; they work for us, as well as for themselves, and we visit them every week to inspect their improvements."

MISS DUVERNIE. "And do you really prefer this kind of life to that you passed at Paris?"

CLARA. "Undoubtedly. When you come to visit us, you will say there is not one pleasure that we have exaggerated in description."

MISS DUVERNIE. "I wish we lived with you; I am sure, I can answer for myself, that I shall never be happy while I am in this house."

CLARA. "For shame, my dear, to say so: it is in your own power to render home very agreeable; and I am sure were they to see you more tractable, your papa and mamma would never be out of humour  
with

with you : let me prevail upon you to make the experiment."

MISS DUVERNIE. " Oh ! my dear cousin, if you could always be with us we *might* improve."

By this time Henry and Master Duvernier were returned from the stables. " So," cried the latter, " here you are, ladies, in the little arbour where we left you." " Yes," replied his sister, " and I believe it would have been better for you, had you remained here too ; we have been most delightfully entertained." " So it seems, or you would not have staid here so long. I fancy you forget you have to dress for dinner." " Indeed I had not given it a thought," said Miss Duvernier ; " but as it is so late, I suppose we must go in, and make ourselves as smart as we can for your company this afternoon ; though I confess I had rather stay here, and converse with my cousins." The young people then proceeded to the house, which they had scarcely entered before Miss Duvernier exclaimed, " You must come up with us, and see our wardrobe ; we have such beautiful things !" Clara and Emily were surprised

prised to observe the disorder of their cousins drawers; for here nothing seemed to be in its proper place; all was confusion, and half an hour was spent in searching for the dresses they proposed to wear that day. Adelaide, in mistake, had taken her sister's necklace, and it was with difficulty Clara and Emmiline could prevent a serious quarrel on the subject. In consequence of this dispute, the dinner bell had rung before they were half ready to go down; and when the business of the toilet was entirely completed, they dreaded to meet the angry eye of Monsieur Duvernier, assured that their negligence would excite his displeasure. It did so; and when the servants were withdrawn, their failings were enumerated with increasing severity, and little else was spoken of the remainder of the day.

Clara and Emmiline, much as they were disgusted with the conduct of their cousins, pitied them on the present occasion, and did all in their power to restore that domestic harmony, which their incautious behaviour had interrupted. At a late hour, wearied with the numberless disagree-



disagreeables of the day, they retired to rest, when Clara thus addressed her sister: "How thankful ought we to be, my dear Emmiline, for the blessings we possess in the best of parents. Had our mother resembled Madame Duvernier, we should have been as miserable as Julia and Adelaide!"

---

## C H A P. XXVIII.

THE next day, as the family were at breakfast, the following letter was delivered to Madame de St. Claire:

*" St. Maurice.*

" Allow me to surprise you, my dear niece, with the unexpected intelligence that I have left St. Germain, and am at this moment taking my coffee at a small inn at this place, on the road to the villa. I think I have now so far conquered my feelings, that I could behold it with a sensation of pleasure. It is now *your* mansion; in it I shall see you and your amiable children. Your letters have overcome all my scruples. Six months since I had  
deter-

determined on making you a visit, when I became acquainted with the worthy Dégremont, who, like me, has met with the severest disappointments; but from being more unfortunate in his circumstances, was then in quest of a situation, in which his superior abilities might be of use to the world. Finding, on a nearer intimacy, that he was a man every way calculated for the important task, I have engaged him as Henry's preceptor; as such I shall present him to you on my arrival. It is time, my dear niece, you had some one to share with you the cares and fatigues of instruction. Few women, I fear, can boast of having devoted so many years to an employment, which fashion and the dissipation of the present age have rendered too generally beneath a mother's notice. *Best* of parents! Doubt not but your children, by their virtues, will recompense you for every hour of confinement sacrificed to their interest, every anxious moment you have experienced. Heaven, I hope, will spare me yet a few years, to see the arduous task of their education completed, and to be  
the

the spectator of your merited felicity. The chaise is ready that is to convey us to the next town before sun-set. Adieu, my dear niece; be assured no one is more tenderly interested in your welfare, than

Your affectionate friend and uncle,

FERDINAND DE COURCI."

So great was the children's impatience to see their dear uncle, that they thought every moment an hour till the necessary preparations could be made for their departure. The carriage was ordered to be got ready as soon as possible, and madame, with the sincerest joy, bade a hasty adieu to her amiable friends, having a journey of several leagues to go before they could reach the villa. To make the time appear less tedious, Madame de St. Claire, at the children's request, related the little story of the

#### ORPHAN COTTAGERS.

ONE clear wintry morning, the sprightly Juliana ran to her brother as soon as she was dressed, rejoicing that the snow was all melted,

melted, and that she should obtain permission of her mamma to take a long walk. The request was no sooner made than granted by their indulgent parent, and they set out, but had not walked more than two or three miles before Juliana, finding herself fatigued, was persuaded by her brother to enter a small habitation which they observed to the left at a little distance from the road: it was thatched, but in many places the tempest had torn away the stubble, and left the roof exposed to all the inclemency of the season; not a window remained entire. "What a dwelling!" exclaimed little George as he tapped softly at the door. "Oh! you, whoever you are, who inhabit this cottage, permit two children, worn out with fatigue, to rest here a little while." Saying this, he rapped again, but nobody answered. The door was ajar, and seemed to invite the young travellers to enter; but what a scene of misery there presented itself to their eyes! A beautiful girl on her knees, at the side of a bed of straw, on which lay a young child, apparently not more



more than six years of age, groaning with anguish; while the girl, raising her eyes filled with tears, and her hands to Heaven, exclaimed, with all the fervency of heartfelt prayer,—“Oh! Almighty God, merciful Father of the orphan, preserve, I beseech thee, this child—preserve my brother!”—

She stopped. The presence of the strangers prevented her continuing. The tender heart of Juliana was already affected, and taking the hand of the poor girl, she said, with a voice interrupted with sighs—“Be comforted, your brother will soon be well again.” The girl shook her head, and looked on him as if every ray of hope had long been extinguished.—“What is the matter with him?” continued Juliana, approaching the bed, “what is his disorder? why does he lie upon straw? and why are his clothes so ragged? Poor baby! he has not even a night-cap; and the high wind blows so keen through the crevices in the wall, that when it is bad weather, the rain, I am sure, must fall upon his head.”—“Oh! my dear miss,” replied the

the unfortunate girl, "you are yet young, and unacquainted with suffering and sorrows. You ask, why we lie upon straw? why we are covered with rags? Know then, that we are *poor*! We are orphans! It is now six months since we lost our dear parents by a malignant fever. During their life we had sufficient for our support, for they were very industrious. My father had a small purse almost filled with money, which he had earned by his labours; and he used often to say it was for his dear children, but when he was ill, the physician came almost every day; and I observed his visits made also to my dear mother were paid from this; so that at the death of my dear parents, which happened shortly after, there was only enough left to defray their funeral expences, and support my brother for some weeks in an illness which has continued since the measles; but it is now all gone. Four days since I bought, with our last sixpence, a little loaf for him. Alas! my dear brother! he will die, for I have not the means to preserve his life; I cannot labour in the fields at  
this

this season of the year to earn any thing, to procure him the most trifling nourishment, and he must perish with hunger."

In pronouncing these words, she threw herself upon the child, who embraced her with transport, and said, in a feeble voice, "Do not be uneasy, my dear sister; when I see *you* cry, it makes me suffer more."

"Amiable boy!" exclaimed George, advancing towards the bed, "you shall have my hat to defend your head from the wind, which blows in on this side. Though a fine morning it is rather cold; I will leave you also my spenser; there—I will lay it over your feet to keep them warm."—

"And I," interrupted Juliana, "will make you a pillow of my muff."—"Dear, generous children," said the poor Madelon, "is it possible you can commiserate thus our misfortunes? On my knees I thank you for all this goodness; it is too much; you must not leave with us your——" "My hat," cried George, "not even the king should remove from his head, or my spenser from his feet. I can do without them; I have others at home;

home ; and should I be a little cold as we return, I shall only experience for one hour, what you and your brother have felt for days, weeks, and months. Poor creatures ! what you must have suffered !”

“ How I pity you, good girl !” said Juliana ; “ though I do not know what it is to be poor, it makes me cry to see you without fire, and almost naked, in this wretched hovel. I had no idea there were such miserable beings in the world.”—

“ There are but too many in similar situations, I fear,” replied the dejected Madelon.—“ And does nobody seek them out ?” cried George ; “ I am sure, if I had known yesterday you were starving with cold and hunger, I could not have sat peaceably at table, or enjoyed our comfortable fire-side.”—“ We will tell mamma,” resumed Juliana, “ that you are unhappy ; that your little brother is perishing. She will permit us, I am sure, to return, and bring you all you are in want of, and medicines for the dear boy, that I hope will entirely recover him.”

Juliana at this moment entirely forgot that their house was more than three miles off ;



off; for in taking leave of the cottagers, she promised to return in a quarter of an hour. More than three quarters had elapsed before they found themselves at home, and in their mother's presence, who was surprised to see her son without his hat and spencer; but this was soon explained by the interesting history of the Orphan Cottagers. "Embrace me, my dear children," said this affectionate mother, while the tears of compassion stole down her maternal cheek, "What pleasure it gives me to see you can feel for those misfortunes, which before this day you could not have formed the least idea of!"—"And are you willing, mamma," they demanded, "that we should return to the cottage?"—"You can then," she replied, "relinquish without regret the pleasures of the ball, to which you are engaged this evening? You know that to-day is the birth-day of your little friend Eliza, who, perhaps, would think you unpolite were you to disappoint her of your company."

The children looked seriously at each other. "Oh! we had forgot the ball;"—"but,

“but,” continued Juliana, “if I go, my dear mamma, to Eliza’s, I shall think all the time I am there of the troubles and the sufferings of these poor orphans: besides, I *cannot* go, for I promised to see them again in a quarter of an hour. Oh! indeed I cannot go to the ball; send some apology, my dear mamma, to my friend; I shall feel more pleasure in relieving the misery of these poor children; you can have no idea of their situation, or what I would not do to relieve it.”—“Nor I either,” cried George; “let us return to supply them with every thing that is necessary.”—“My dear children,” she replied, “it is not my intention to deprive you of the noblest pleasure the human heart is capable of enjoying. You need not prepare for the ball these two hours; in that interval, we can return to the cottagers. I will order the carriage, and accompany you. We will bring them with us; here they shall be taken care of, and every thing administered that their wants require. What do you say to this, my little ones? Are you willing that these

Q

orphans

orphans should share with you the affection of that mother who loves you so tenderly?"—"Oh! yes, dear mamma," replied immediately Juliana, "let us fetch them—let us fetch them; they are good, and worthy your protection. If you had seen the affection of poor Madelon for her parents, how she wept when she spoke of them, and her tender anxiety for her little brother, you would never have forgotten it. She is so pretty too—so humble.—Oh! I am sure you will love her; and the little boy is so patient, we did not hear him utter a complaint all the while we were there. But here is the carriage. Oh! mamma, our dear mamma; you will also be a mother to the Orphan Cottagers!"

"Thank you, thank you, dear mamma!" exclaimed Emmiline, "what a charming story! I am in love with the little Juliana, and the dear boy who left his hat and spencer with the poor children. I will repeat their history to my uncle. How much we have to say to him! Our good friend de Livré too—how happy he will be to know so worthy a man."

It



It was late in the evening before the travellers arrived at the villa. Every heart palpitated with joy as they approached the gates, about which the villagers were assembled in crowds, and "Monsieur de Courci, our good master, is returned!" was re-echoed with blessings from an hundred voices.

The meeting of de Courci and the amiable family, was a scene which no pen could describe with sufficient energy. Those only who have known the pleasure of meeting the friend most dear to them, after a long and painful separation, can form an idea of the happiness of Madame de St. Claire, and the joy of the Little Family, at whose united persuasions this worthy relation consented to pass the evening of life at the villa, and become the sharer of their merited felicity.

---

FINIS.

---



23 JY 68



